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THE FAILURE OF MARXIST SCHOLARSHIP

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CARTER STRIKES OUT IN VIRGINIA

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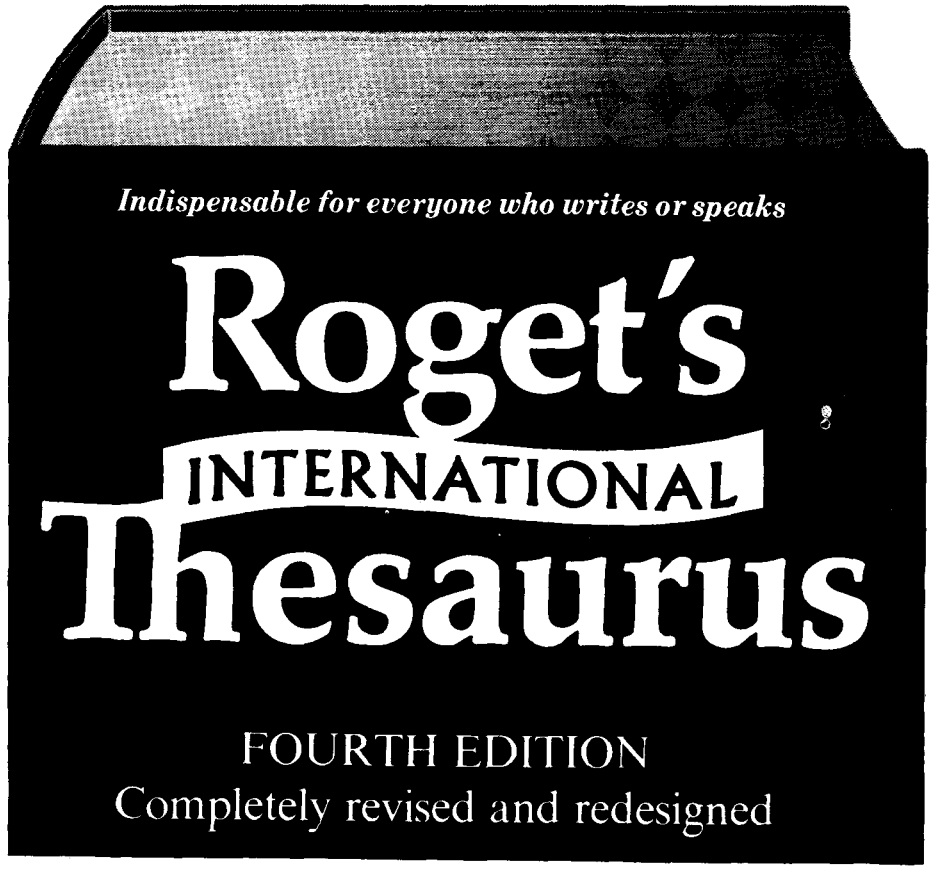

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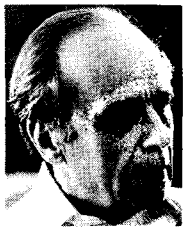
VOL. XXIX, No. 48
ISSN: 0028-0038



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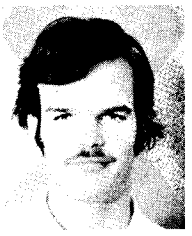

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

NATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly, except for two issues in January, by National Review, Inc., at 50 Emmett St., Bristol, Conn. Second-class postage paid at Bristol, Conn.

© National Review, Inc., 1977.

Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$34.00 a year ($19.00 for the 48-page issues, and $15.00 for 8-page issues published on the alternate weeks). In all cases, add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage, or better a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the view of the editors.*

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Letters

Invisible Hands

Stephen Williams' "The Problem of Exhaustible Resources" [Nov. 25] was a tour de force of specific proof. I have always believed, and argued, that the private sector does a better job of allocating resources than the public sector, but I have based my arguments purely on the principles of freedom and the general law of supply and demand. It had never occurred to me that that "law of supply and demand" could be illustrated so graphically, or so iron-clad convincingly.

Incidentally, while of course petroleum is the critical area, as a sidelight I was really delighted to see him deflate the demagogy about coffee prices. I remember all the shouting about where the profits were going, and whose government was in cahoots with whom, but here Mr. Williams just calmly sticks a pin in the whole argument by explaining how the futures market works. Bravo!

New York, N.Y. ANDREW LOWIN

No Second Troy

It's okay to try the Trojan Horse routine a third time (Notre Dame did it the *second* time, against Southern Cal, and won big), if the provocation is sufficient and if there is a reasonable chance of winning. But neither if *is* in this case.

Donald Lindquist ["Operation Trojan Donkey," Oct. 28] asserts that "kneejerk Democrats" will vote for conservative Republicans, if only they call themselves Democrats. (He is probably speaking tongue-in-cheek: except on Halloween, Republicans wouldn't wear masquerades.)

Republicans will improve their electoral chances and the public weal if they will stop thinking of their opposition as "kneejerk" Democrats. The many conscientious Democrats are Democrats because of their education in charity and self-sacrifice, in social and distributive justice, and in brotherhood. I believe that in the long run these virtues are more apt to be fulfilled in the Republican Party than in the Democratic Party, but my belief assumes that we Republicans possess these virtues, in addition to our respect for tradition.

If we Republicans do not have these God-ordained virtues, then the Democrats are the least of the prevalent evils.

Lawrenceville, N.J. ARTHUR R. WENCZEL

I am angered by Donald Lindquist's advocating that conservatives abandon the GOP. What Lindquist is really advocating is that we abandon the two-party system. If we go over to the Jackass we will be pushed into the shadows. At least we can control the Republican Party. I suggest that conservative Democrats come over to the Elephant instead. Ronald Reagan proved in Texas that Democratic conservatives could and would vote for a Republican. For a party with only 20 per cent of the electorate in its ranks, the GOP came awfully close to winning the Presidency. It seems to me that we are still alive and kicking.

Simi, Calif. RICHARD A. PARR JR.

There are some practical difficulties with Mr. Lindquist's approach. One is the general liberalism of those who ordinarily vote in Democratic primaries. Another is the instrumentality through which conservatives may be encouraged to run in Democratic primaries. This second problem, however, has already been tackled by the Committee for the Survival of a Free Congress, which contributed to the election of nearly forty members of Congress—including several Democrats—in 1976. Since it is not a Republican organization, CSFC is free to support conservative Democrats in areas where a Republican candidate is not viable, or where a liberal Democrat has lost contact with his constituency.

Our experiences in 1976 demonstrated that electing conservatives in Democratic primaries against liberal incumbents is not easy, but we continue to work vigorously in this field. We are pleased to have conservative Democrats Bob Stump of Arizona and Larry McDonald of Georgia among the members of our Congressional Board of advisors, and we hope to add substantially to their number after the 1978 congressional elections.

We welcome the assistance of all those who wish to help us in electing conservative Democrats *and* Republicans in 1978.

Washington, D.C. CHARLES A. MOSER
Treasurer, CSFC

On Mano v. Martin

I lay no claim to understanding the "bicameral psyche" of Malachi Martin, nor to fully comprehending his personal theology, but several obvious and consistent themes do emerge from much of his work; among which God's love for man, manifested in Jesus Christ, and man's response to God in love are two that D. Keith Mano ["A Hostage to the Devil," Oct. 28] ought to ponder before again engaging his pen at Martin's expense.

Being one of the suburban priests whom Mano summons in defense of his own thesis, I can testify that, indeed, but for the sacramental context in which confessions occur, many prayers and almost as

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many tears, and the infinitely merciful grace of God, I, at any rate, would be depraved—well, not beyond hope, but badly—after one week of listening to penitents. That Mano can "trudge through a lot of X footage," his commitment to love unimpaired, is indicative either of his sanctity, a possibility belied by his trudging through the muck in the first place, or of his lack of appreciation of how profound and elusive a thing true Christian love is. "Blessed are the pure in heart . . ." puts us all to shame.

Martin may himself be inconsistent. In this instance, however, he is at one with the testimony of Scripture and the saints in arguing that growth in love requires, among other things, guarded eyes, ears, and imaginations. This is not prudery, just the wisdom of holy men and women. Mano would do well, if he ever becomes seriously interested in truth, to stop bouncing about on the surface—a day with the gays; some time with the Jews for Jesus—and, instead, sink deep into the witness of Christ and His best followers, none of whom, God knows, would be caught dead with a copy of *Oui*.

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Parks and People

James Burnham raises the question [Sept. 30] of how an essentially socialistic undertaking such as Kentucky's State Resort Parks can provide surroundings and service equal to or better than those offered commercially. Although myself a small-l libertarian, I must agree with him that "Ideological generalizations won't do as answers, except for ideologues."

As a matter of fact, just about every state park I've ever visited has been very well run. Considering all the pressures on it, the National Park Service is doing a job which is nothing short of heroic. The Bureau of Standards, the National and Naval Observatories, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the Coast Guard, NASA, countless publicly owned museums and clinics, and so on perform by and large about as well as can be expected of anything human in a complicated world.

Yet we have this pervasive sense of government become a cancerous growth. Why?

I suggest that desirable institutions, public or private, have two essential elements: little or no compulsion, and dedication.

Thus, aside from a fairly modest amount of taxation for their support, the abovenamed and others like them don't force you to do much if anything. They simply offer their services. At most, they enforce a few common-sense regulations for your own safety and for the preservation of their trusts. By definition, private enterprises share this characteristic. On the other hand, most government agencies function as dictatorships, whether petty like a building code inspectorate or wide-ranging and absolute like the IR"S".

Then, many people do have Veblen's "instinct of workmanship." They feel their jobs matter, and want to do them right. This is sometimes possible in government employ and impossible in private. Those companies which encourage it are usually the most successful and, incidentally, are all that stand between us and complete socialism.

In short, human motivations and reactions are not merely economic—which, of course, Mr. Burnham has known all along.

Orinda, Calif. POUL ANDERSON

Milton Friedman may not be available, so I have undertaken to answer James Burnham's question.

There are numerous parallels between the Kentucky SRPs and our national parks. The parks also have attractive buildings, neat, knowledgeable, courteous rangers, and low prices. In fact the prices are too low. The owner of a mobile home pays less to park it in our national parks than he would pay to put it into dead storage. For generations, those who could afford to visit our national parks have found, when they arrived, that their stay was massively subsidized by the general public, which, on the whole, was less affluent. Furthermore, the crowding is destroying the ecosystems of the parks.

The private solution would be to raise fees until those who merely seek low-cost rent would go elsewhere; but governments are, by nature, inflexible and rulebound. No private hostelry can afford 1,799 developed acres with only 51 rooms at moderate fees. That wouldn't even pay the taxes. The guests are being subsidized by transfer payments. The difference is made up by the productive private sector, and the redistributive public sector takes a cut of the remainder. Whatever this may mean

How many times have you had to sit through a meeting that threatened to put you to sleep? The speaker may have been earnest, he may have had something important to say, but he simply didn't have the gift of saying it in a way that hit home. Result? Another dull, uninspired meeting that was a waste of time for everyone concerned.

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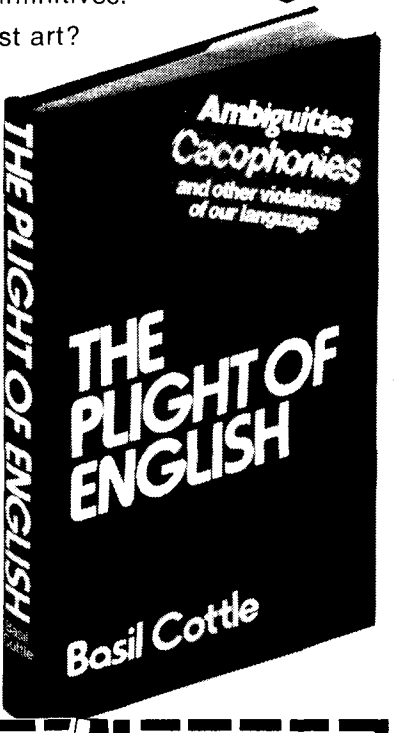

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to the park, it also constitutes a drag on the Kentucky economy. This may not be readily apparent, just as a low-grade infection may not be apparent in a robust person. But if the condition worsens it will, in time, become apparent to all.

Forty years ago New York opened a new subway which would have paid its expenses at an eight-cent fare. However, a five-cent fare was charged. It was explained that real-estate taxes would make up the difference and that most of this would come from wealthy landlords. Look at New York. There, but for the grace of forty years, goes Kentucky.

Trona, Calif. M. D. ISELY

Anglican Addresses

I was glad that *NR* gave an editorial plug [Oct. 28] to Dale Vree's fine Anglo-Catholic magazine, *The New Oxford Review*. But contrary to your usual practice, you did not supply their address. Readers would want it, I believe. It is: 6013 Lawton Avenue, Oakland, California 94618.

New Orleans, La. BARBARA NAUER

In your October 28 issue I read with interest of the Anglican Church in North America. Can you please give me an address where I can contact this group?

New York, N.Y. WALTER A. PEEK

Care of The Fellowship of Concerned Churchmen, P.O. Box 505, Amherst, Virginia 24521. —LB

Correction

With respect to "For the Record" [Oct. 28], I would like to point out that Edward Kennedy is a senator, and as such cannot be in line for Chairman of the *House* Judiciary Committee.

Arlington, Va. ROBERT W. MCNABB

Reason Triumphant

Jeffrey Hart's article "Truth and Culture" [Sept. 2] is excellent, and deserves comment, but I prefer to complement it by reporting what was for me a remarkable illustration of the worth of what he calls "a resolute skepticism and rationality."

Back in the Sixties some student friends and I drove down the ninety miles from Sewanee (the University of the South) to Nashville to attend a public affairs debate at Vanderbilt. The day before the debate, Martin Luther King had been killed in Memphis. The National Guard was patrolling the streets in Nashville, and the police were everywhere in and around the gymnasium where the debate was held.

The place, needless to say, was packed, and the atmosphere electric. The first speaker was a young black legislator from Georgia—a very attractive person, intelligent, ambitious, and very conscious of his "moment." He was intensely emotional; he spoke of liberty and martyrdom, and he roused his audience to a frenzy.

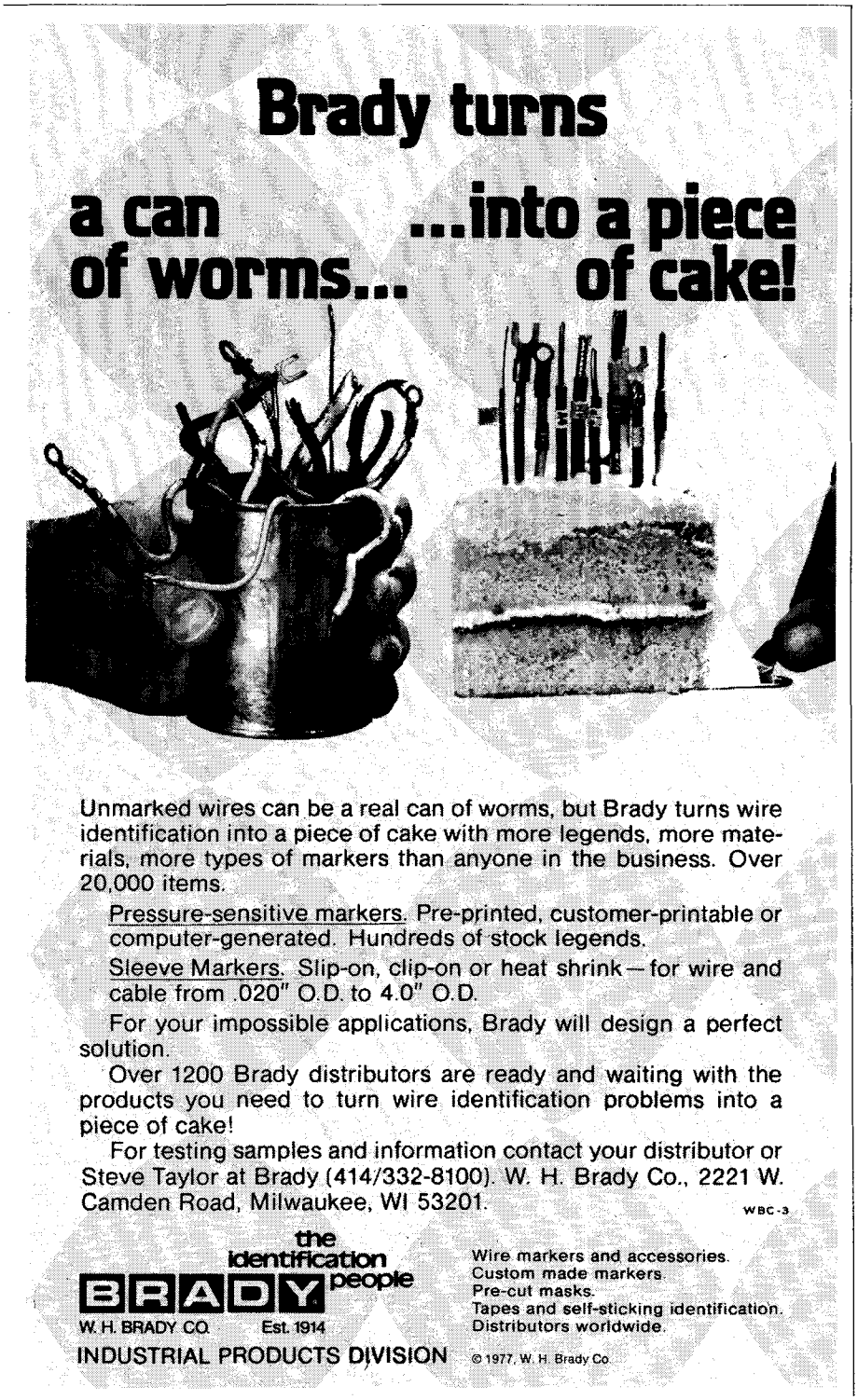
I wondered how anyone could speak in such an assembly after that. The other speaker waited for the noise to subside, ignored the icy silence which greeted him when he stood up, and began to speak very quietly of the imperative place of reason in the politics of any democracy, and especially of American democracy, and in particular at that very moment.

It was Daniel in the lions' den, and at the end of a talk which could not have been "prepared," but must have come from the deepest levels of settled imaginative conviction, the audience gave him a rising ovation, a solid wall of respectful approval without a trace of hysteria. Plato must have smiled.

So, on that occasion at least, reason prevailed for a moment. The young Georgia legislator became the pampered darling of the national media and of every professional liberal in the South, though he seems now to be a burnt-out case. The other speaker was William Buckley.

REV. WILLIAM H. RALSTON JR.

Savannah, Ga.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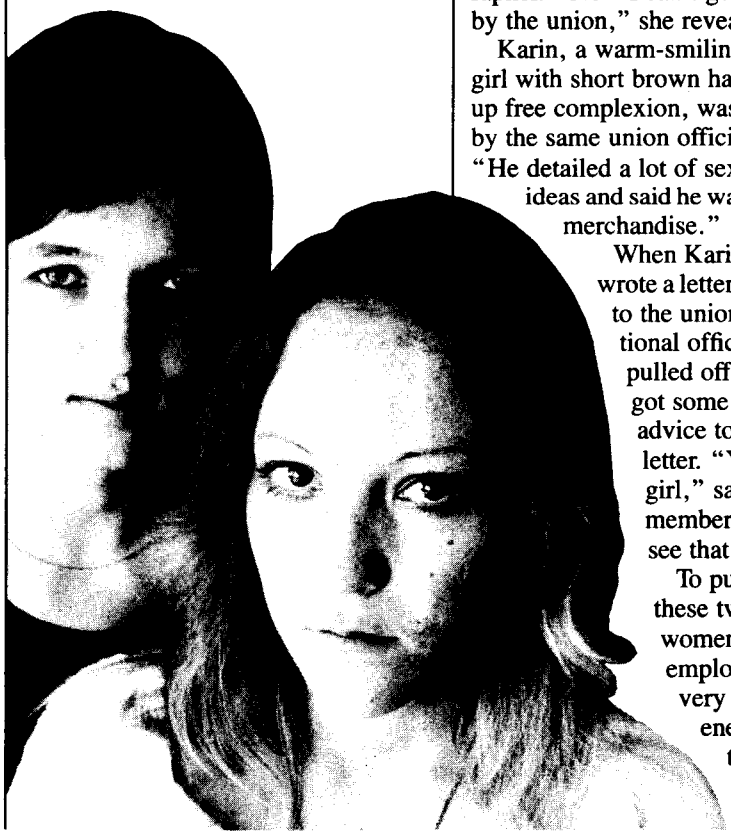
They Wanted A Job But Not At That Price.

Teri DeLoache, 19, and Karin Seritis, 20, are two bright attractive college girls in Oakland, Calif., who wanted to work as waitresses to help pay their way through school.

They were willing to join a union to get their jobs—but they didn't bargain for the "after hours assignments" their union bosses had in mind for them.



Brown-eyed, blonde-haired Teri was interviewed by the secretary of the union. He came right to the point: "You have a great body. You could make a lot of money."

Teri turned down his offer to "work" conventions, keep an apartment for male visitors, take trips with businessmen and pose for a photographer. "Now I can't get a job referral by the union," she reveals.

Karin, a warm-smiling outgoing girl with short brown hair and a make-up free complexion, was approached by the same union official. "He detailed a lot of sex-for-money ideas and said he wanted to test the merchandise."

When Karin refused and wrote a letter of complaint to the union's international office, she was pulled off her job. She got some "friendly" advice to withdraw her letter. "You're a pretty girl," said a union member, "I'd hate to see that ruined."

To put it bluntly, these two young women were denied employment and their very lives threatened because they refused to submit to prostitution.

They courageously decided to fight back, retaining a lawyer in November 1976, who filed a complaint charging mental duress and harassment. Incredibly, the lawyer's mother was savagely beaten by an attacker who warned, "You tell your son to drop this case."

He won't, thanks to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, which entered the case in March 1977.

An amended complaint has been filed, charging unfair representation, sex discrimination, illegal use of the union hiring hall and asking $1 million in punitive damages.

Teri and Karin were fortunate. They found help. But how many other Teris and Karins haven't?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can. It is currently assisting individual workers in more than 75 cases involving academic and political freedom, freedom from union violence, and the right to work for government without paying a private organization for that privilege.

If you'd like information on how you can help workers like Teri DeLoache and Karin Seritis, write:

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation
Suite 600
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Fairfax, Virginia 22038

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FOR THE RECORD

■ More complaints all the time about how **Jimmy Carter** goes about running his Administration. One example: his heavy-handed choosing of a liberal pro-labor Republican, **Sam Zagoria**, to be a GOP member of the Federal Election Commission, turning down—without even investigating their qualifications—the nominees of House and Senate Minority Leaders **John Rhodes** and **Howard Baker**. Result: 125 of the 146 House Republicans have signed a letter urging the Senate not to approve Zagoria, and the leadership, fearing a fight, has put off the nomination until after the New Year. . . . Doubly gauche was Carter on this one, since one man he must win over if he is to get his **Panama Treaty** confirmed is Minority Leader Baker. . . . According to **Edward Walsh** of the *Washington Post*, Carter runs a closed White House, with only five men having ready access to the Oval Office: **Hamilton Jordan**, **Jody Powell**, **Frank Moore** (congressional liaison), **Stuart Eizenstat** (domestic policy advisor), and **Zbigniew Brzezinski**—and Brzezinski is the only non-Georgian.

Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

■ Here we go again: The **National Council of Churches** has called on its thirty affiliates to withdraw all church funds from South Africa. . . . This, to the surprise of many, is displeasing to UN Ambassador **Andrew Young**, who opposes wholesale withdrawal of U.S. business from southern Africa. He is hopeful, says Young, that "enlightened practices by American companies there will encourage change." . . . A UN General Assembly committee meanwhile has called on member countries to discontinue sports relations with those countries that practice apartheid (**Rhodesia** and **South Africa**). . . . An Agence France Presse story reports that **Ignati Novikov**, head of the Soviet Olympic organization committee, says neither South Africa nor Rhodesia will be allowed to compete in the 1980 Moscow event. . . . On the positive side international-organization-wise, the **ILO**—with the U.S. no longer a member—has been forced to cut 21.7 per cent, or $36.6 million, from its annual budget.

■ About time: **Great Britain** announces that it will not send an ambassador to **Cambodia** so long as Cambodia practices genocide against its own people. . . . The United States is preparing to block the sale of three helicopters and a commercial jetliner to Uganda's tyrant **Idi Amin**. . . . Defense Department figures indicate that Russia and the Eastern satellites have pledged more than $850 million in military aid to **Ethiopia**—more than twice the amount the U.S. poured in in its 25-year alliance with Ethiopia. . . . In Washington, the Administration made its point clear. Three top members—**Fritz Mondale**, **Cyrus Vance**, and Brzezinski—saw Spanish Socialist Workers Party leader **Felipe Gonzalez** when he was here on a visit a week ago; no government official greeted Communist Party leader **Santiago Carrillo**. . . . In Greece it was Yes on Sunday for actress **Melina Mercouri**, who won a seat in the new Parliament for **Andreas Papandreou**'s Socialist Party.

■ News items on the Right: **William Simon** has joined the Board of Trustees of the Heritage Foundation; **Ron Robinson** has been named executive director of YAF; and **John L. Ryan** has succeeded **Henry Regnery** as head of the Philadelphia Society. . . . *The New American Review*, a conservative monthly "Journal of Civility and the Arts" (**Allen Weakland**, editor & publisher) has just made its first appearance (100 Benjamin Street, Cranford, N.J. 07016). . . . And Dr. **Paul Gottfried**, head of the History Department at Rockford College, announces the formation of a Conservative Historians' Caucus. Any interested historian should contact him: 5050 East State Street, Rockford, Ill. 61101.

■ And finally, *Hustler* publisher **Larry Flynt** regrets that he got religion (via **Ruth Carter Stapleton**) just too late to rush to Houston and apologize to "**Gloria** and **Bella** and **Flo Kennedy**." He promises never again "to hang women up as pieces of meat."

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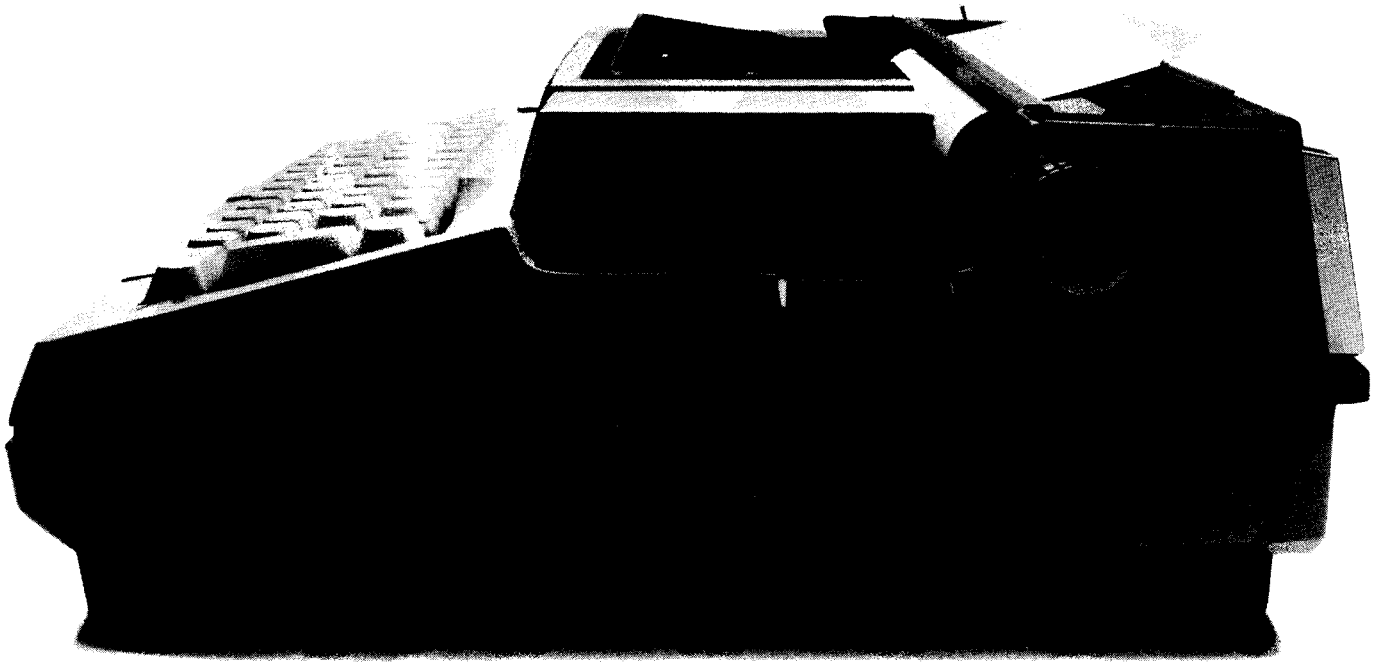
IT UNTYPES AS EASILY AS IT TYPES.



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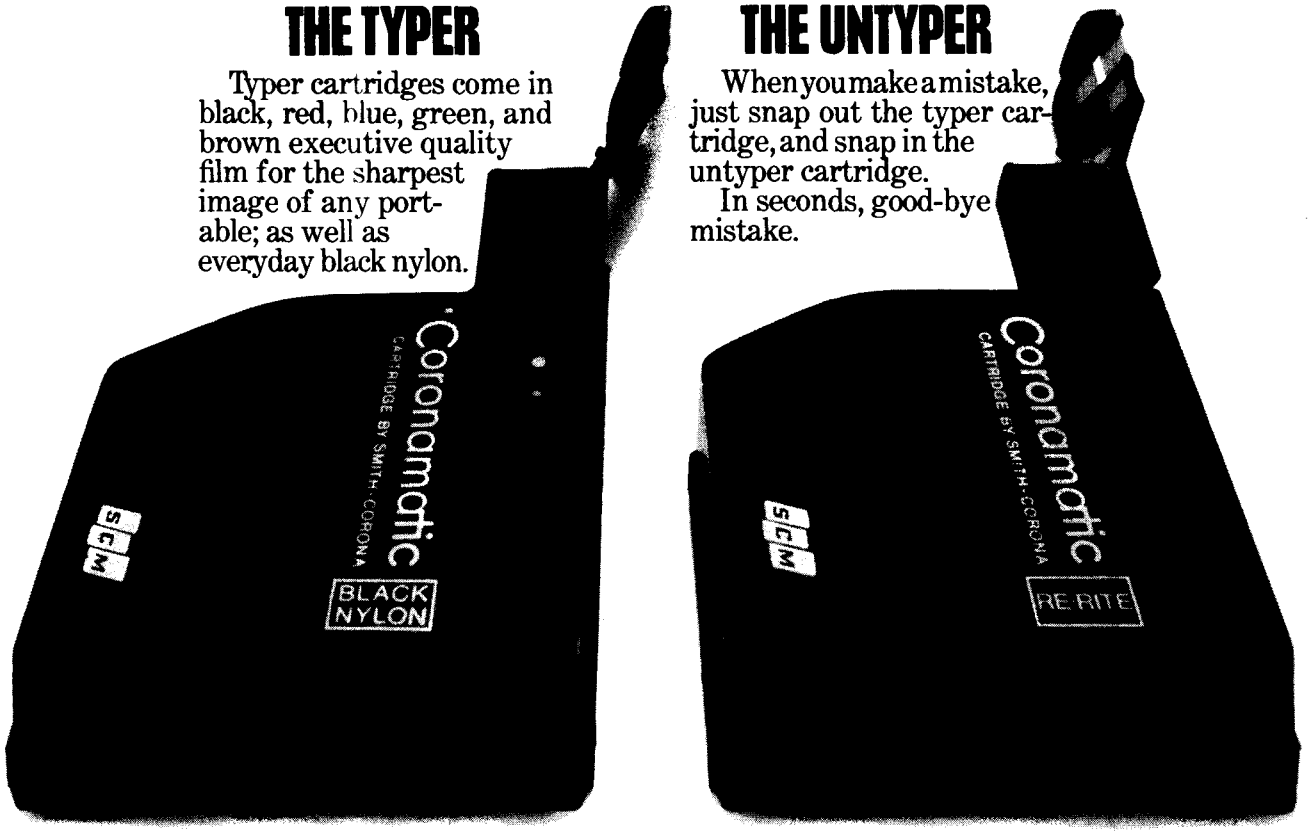

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THE WEEK

■ Ah, those sophisticated Parisians! Sexual jealousy is now so infra dig in France, reports Hearst correspondent Bernard D. Kaplan, that French private detectives are going broke. "One consequence is that the *crime passionel*, that most traditional of all French crimes, is on the downgrade," Kaplan writes. "Few French men or women now think that it is worth the time, inconvenience, or legal expense to shoot an unfaithful lover." One detective recalls a client who said "he didn't plan to use my report to win a divorce. He said that if he did that, he would be laughed out of his bridge club."

■ Why bother with a SALT-II treaty if the Soviets aren't observing SALT-I? At a Washington news conference that has gone virtually unnoticed, former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird charged the Soviets with flagrantly violating existing SALT agreements. Laird accused the Soviets of interfering with U.S. satellite detection of treaty violations, building a rocket that could be secretly converted into an intercontinental weapon, and testing ballistic missile defenses, each one of which is in violation of SALT-I. Ironically, Laird spoke to reporters on the same day that the State Department issued a communiqué saying that the five-year-old treaty restricting U.S. and Soviet antiballistic missile systems is operating effectively and "requires no amendment at this time."

■ Since 1962 Consolidated Edison has been trying to build a power plant at Storm King, New York. Since 1962 the plant has been blocked by environmentalists —to the detriment of New York City, its suburbs, and its people. So says William Tucker in a long, devastating article, "Environmentalism and the Leisure Class," in the December issue of *Harper's*. Tucker, a former New York newspaper reporter, documents the entire history of the Storm King affair. He juxtaposes the undeniable fact of New York's increasing energy needs against the public relations posturing of the leisure-class citizens who were out to protect their interests under the euphemistic, fashionable banner of "environmentalism." Along the way, Tucker indicts the *New York Times* and the Lindsay and Beame administrations, which also opposed building the plant. The price New Yorkers have had to pay for these 15 years without a Storm King plant: two blackouts and an incalculable loss of business because of unsure energy supplies. Tucker does err, however, in applying his critique according to the arguments in Thorstein Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class*. He calls environmentalists "conservative." But what are John Lindsay, the editorial page of the *New York Times*, and the Naderesque "no-growth" groups, if not undiluted examples of contemporary liberalism?

■ Score another bulls-eye for Accuracy in Media. The media watchdog that we ballyhooed a couple of issues back has performed yet another public service. In its November issue AIM examined the *New York Times*'s and *Washington Post*'s coverage of five countries not known to be bastions of democracy: three on the left, Cuba, Cambodia, and North Korea; and two on the right, South Korea and Chile. Using the papers' indexes for 1976, AIM tallied the number of times these two papers had stories, editorials, or columns devoted to human rights in these countries. The results were, well, revealing. In 1976 the *Post* index had nine listings for human rights in Cambodia, four listings for Cuba, and one for North Korea. During that same year the *Post* had 24 stories about human rights in South Korea and 58 about Chile. The *Times* coverage provided an even starker contrast. Its index had four listings for Cambodia, three for Cuba, and none for North Korea. Turning now to the malignant duo, the *Times* index had 61 listings for South Korea and 66 for Chile. A grand total of 124 listings for Chile compared with 13 for Cambodia. It seems that some holocausts just aren't very newsworthy.

■ If you can't beat 'em, co-opt 'em. The Liberal Party of Quebec, upset in last year's provincial elections by the secessionist Parti Québécois, has come up with its response to separatism—a "renewed federalism," which would bolster provincial rights and bilingualism, without severing ties with Ottawa. The average Quebec voter, despite intense secessionist lobbying, seems to want nothing more: according to recent polls, 41 per cent like the Liberal solution, 19 per cent like the program of the Parti Québécois—political independence with a Canadian common market—while only 11 per cent favor complete separation.

■ Cyrus Vance set off for his whirlwind trip to Argentina with two objectives: to get the Argentine government's signature on a nuclear non-proliferation treaty,

Peace, It's Wonderful

If Castro kept his troopers
  In Cuba cutting cane;
If Brezhnev put his money
  In peasants growing grain;
If China's Teng decided
  To let all flowers bloom,
I'd go along with Jimmy
  And stop predicting doom.

W. H. VON DREELE

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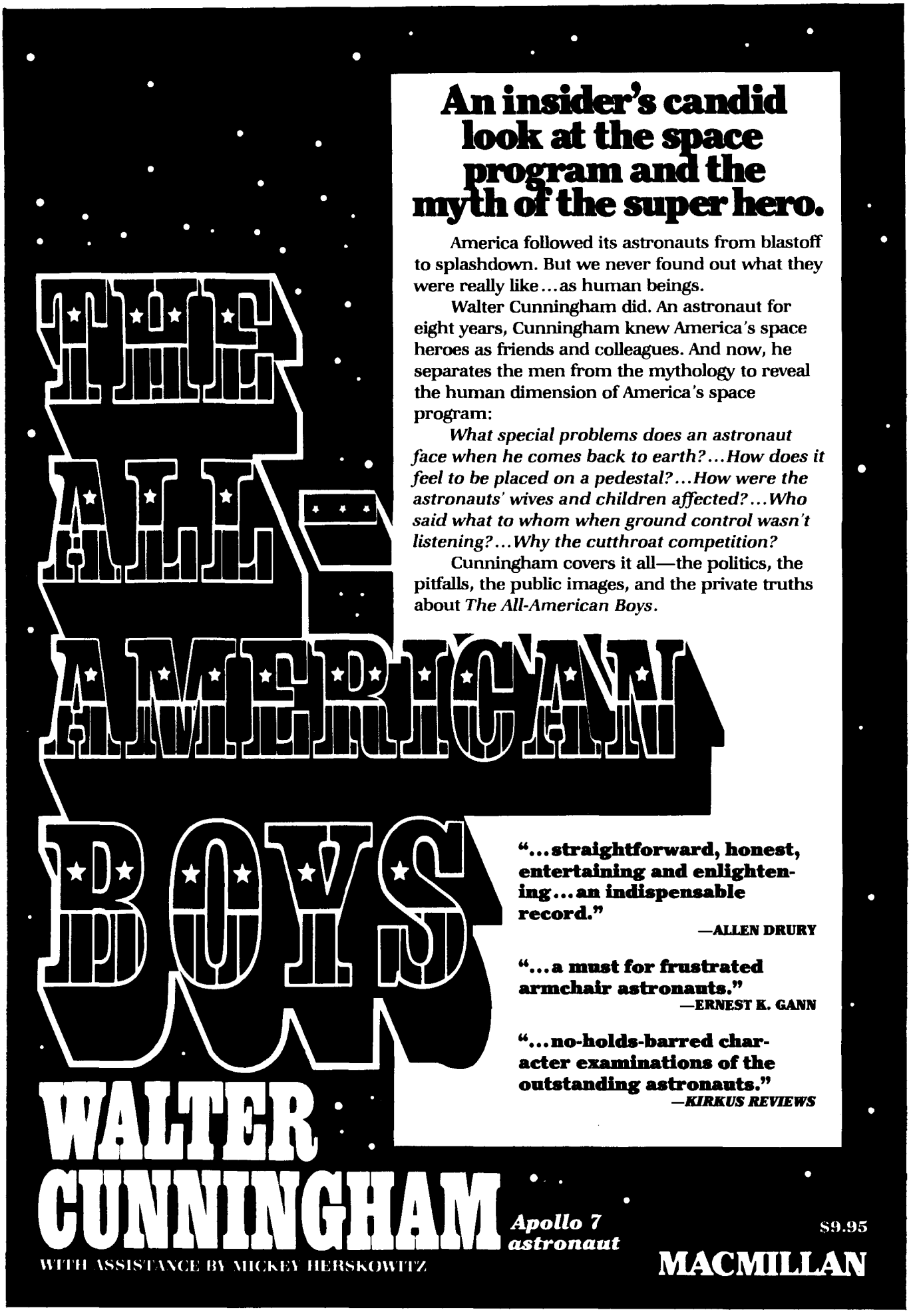
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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

This writer has just returned from California, where the Sunbelt seems in the process of becoming the Brownbelt—not the Jerry Brownbelt, although that's part of it, but rather a belt of millions of acres of formerly green and fertile land turned brown by the persistent drought. According to the U.S. Forest Service, the drought has killed 18 million trees this year, more than have been destroyed by forest fires. At the airports and in public facilities, people are urged not to flush unless absolutely necessary. Californians have become extremely water conscious, and suddenly, in California as in much of the West, the politics of water have become central, with important national implications. Jimmy Carter, whose water policies have already alienated Westerners, stands to be the big loser. And in California and much of the rest of the West, the beneficiary is clearly Jerry Brown.

Each week brings a new jolt to water-conscious Californians, and in each instance, rightly or wrongly, the villain of the piece is the Federal Government. During my visit, for instance, the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, which during normal times supplies irrigation water for two million acres of farmland in the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, announced that federal water supplies may be cut off entirely in January. In this case, of course, the drought is the villain.

In other cases, however, the government in general and this Administration in particular are clearly at fault. There is, for instance, the horrendously timed and startling proposal by the Interior Department to break all farms irrigated by federal water into 160-acre-per-family-member, homestead-sized tracts. The ostensible purpose of the break-up, according to Interior, is to encourage "family farming." But in places like the Imperial Valley, one of the most important two-crop agricultural areas in the United States, growers already operate family farms—but family farms of considerably more than 160 acres. In fact, in California and most of the rest of the country, it is not possible to make a living farming a 160-acre plot.

The basic issue here may not be strictly water. But because water use is central to the Administration's proposal, water-sensitized Californians tend to see it as part of the whole water problem, and Jerry Brown is playing it for all it's worth, and in the process sending Administration officials up the wall. Brown now maintains that he is dead against a "broad brush approach," and favors a trial of the proposal in a limited area. Administration officials, however, claim that Brown was enthusiastic about the idea until the political liabilities became clear.

Many California Brown-watchers agree, believing that Brown intentionally led the Administration on, then reversed his position, leaving Carter out on the limb all by himself, and looking even worse in California and much of the West than he looked before water was whipped up into a primary political issue. But whatever the machinations, the upcoming political battle in California and much of the West will involve water, and it is a battle that Carter may already have lost.

■ Back here we do a good deal of speculating about whether Brown will run for the presidential nomination. But in California, it's taken for granted that he has been off and running since the day he arrived in Sacramento. No one doubts that he will challenge Carter in the 1980 primaries, and although Carter would have to stumble disastrously to lose the nomination, Brown will make a strong showing everywhere outside the Confederacy, thereby positioning himself for an all-out run in 1984. The game plan, according to California observers, will run this way. First, re-election next year, at this writing as close to a sure thing as there is in politics. Then, in 1980, the primaries, in which Brown will at worst do well. In 1982 he will try for Senator Hayakawa's seat, and in 1984 the Democratic presidential nomination. The plan could be derailed, of course, if he loses next year. But that doesn't seem likely. None of the Republican contenders has anything like a broad-based constituency, and the latest Field Poll—perhaps the most accurate in the country—shows Brown leading his closest Republican rival, Attorney General Evelle Younger, by a wider margin than Ronald Reagan held over Jess Unruh at the same stage in the 1970 campaign. And even worse news for Republican hopefuls: in addition to solid Democratic support in a 3-to-2 Democratic state, Brown is the choice of about one in three Republicans.

■ Californians who don't like Brown —and some who do—were appalled at the luncheon he recently hosted for Prince Charles in Sacramento. The menu: cold-cuts and ginger ale.

—CATO

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and to get it to fall into line with the Carter position on human rights. Vance seemed to achieve the first fairly easily: since no Latin American country has a nuclear-weapons capability, and since Argentina is the closest of the lot to developing one, she has no pressing need to go ahead with the weapons now; furthermore, she could not get the nuclear-power-plant technology considered crucial to her economic recovery without American approval. Thus the government quickly agreed to sign the arms treaty. Human rights, however, are a bit more difficult. After a year of Perón and two years of his widow, the political-assassination rate in Argentina had reached three *a day*; more people have been killed by terrorists and counter-terrorists in the last three years than were killed in France during the Revolution. Many Argentinians, in fact, claim that so far from being too oppressive, the military government which took over from Mrs. Perón has been too soft: that most of the "human rights violations" have been committed not by the government per se, but by elements within the army and police force who, seeing that no official action was being taken, began to act on their own. Hence there is very little the government can do to fulfill its vague promise that it will "take steps" to correct the situation Vance complained about.

■ Aleksei Stakhanov is dead. In case you've forgotten or didn't know, he was the coal miner who confounded the notion of economic man by producing up to 14 times the output of his fellow workers—Stalin glorified him,

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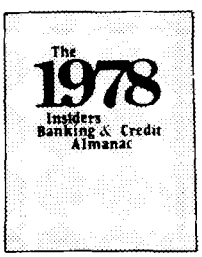

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- How Americans have earned over 30 a year on Swiss bank savings accounts. (See page 113)
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- How to get an *out-of-state* Visa or Master Charge card. (See page 71)

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INTRODUCING THE AUTHOR

The author, Mark Skousen, is an insider himself, having worked for the CIA for two years. Presently, he is managing editor of the widely-read *Inflation Survival Letter* and author of the new book, *Playing the Price Controls Game.* He recently received his Ph.D. in banking and monetary economics from George Washington University. Mr. Skousen continually keeps abreast of the banking community and consults often with bankers and financial advisers.

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and the word "Stakhanovite" passed into (then, with Stalin, out of) the Soviet vocabulary. His passing may have geopolitical consequences; it probably means that the Soviet Union will become dependent on foreign sources of coal.

■ Sadat's courage in visiting Jerusalem was exceeded only by his courage in timing his arrival so as to preempt part of the Michigan–Ohio State game.

■ The Reverend S. L. Whatley, 67, of Ocala, Florida, who hastens to advise that he is a teetotaler, reports that he has had a close-up encounter with a great hairy creature in the Ocala National Forest. The beast was "seven and a half maybe eight feet tall," Whatley says, and "had dark, lighter-than-black hair on its head and chest, not much on its arms, and none on its face. It had a kind of flat face, a flat nose, and its eyes were sunk in its sockets." Must be an illusion. Bella was in Houston at the time.

■ PROPHET OF THE WEEK: Columnist Pat Buchanan, who some months back predicted that the speakers' platform at the National Women's Conference would look "like the bar scene in *Star Wars*."

■ Was Andrew Young right? Since the Communist conquest of Indochina, the U.S. has accepted 160,000 Indochinese refugees; France, 36,000; Canada, 6,947; Australia, 4,278; Malaysia, 1,400; and Sweden, zero.

■ A Colorado woman who wants to be cremated on a funeral pyre when she dies unfortunately inquired about the legality of her arrangement. Which is how her request came to be considered by the Colorado Air Pollution Control Commission. Which ruled, with unusual delicacy, that under a statute prohibiting unauthorized burning of rubbish and waste, she would need a permit.

■ Meanwhile, the state's wildlife commissioner, Roger Clark, has been arrested for allegedly dumping 221 pounds of trash near Akron, Colorado. (Wonder who picked up the rubbish and weighed it?) Clark should have gone halvsies on a fire permit with the lady who wants to be cremated.

South Bronx Perspective

It's certainly a shambles—
  Like Frankfurt in the war,
But I should like to caution
  The outside visitor
That bombers never mauled it
  Nor puckish Irish elves.
The place was set on fire
  By residents, themselves.

W. H. VON DREELE

Sadat in Jerusalem

Whatever substantive results issue from President Anwar Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, it was a dramatic and in human terms a moving gesture, both on his part and on that of Israeli Prime Minister Menahem Begin. Indeed, the fact of the visit itself may be the most important datum of all. As one Israeli spokesman put it: "Sadat's visit means that he is recognizing the Jewish state and that Jerusalem is our capital. This is the most tremendous event for us since the founding of Israel in 1948."

The Sadat visit was prepared for in an atmosphere of high secrecy and international intrigue reminiscent of the visit of Richard Nixon to Peking in 1972. Last August, Prime Minister Begin visited Bucharest—the only Communist capital that recognizes Israel. President Nicolae Ceausescu extended his good offices for the arranging of an Egyptian-Israeli summit. Ceausescu, interestingly enough, had played a similar role in helping to arrange preliminary U.S.-China contacts. On September 16, Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan met secretly in Paris with a special emissary from Sadat and immediately returned to Jerusalem to report that an Egyptian-Israeli summit might be in the offing. Other reports, unconfirmed, have Dayan attending secret meeting in Rabat, where he managed to operate incognito for a week, with a glass eye instead of his well-known black patch.

Converging sets of circumstances appear to lie behind Sadat's move. One set involves perennial Arab rivalries. President Assad of Syria, it had become clear, was maneuvering to put together a coalition of Arab states opposed to any peace settlement. His emissaries have recently visited Baghdad, Algiers, Tripoli, Amman, and PLO headquarters, arguing that, in reality, U.S. diplomacy in the area means Arab surrender. If Assad could build such a coalition he would be well on his way to becoming the dominant leader in the Arab world, and, backed by oil-rich Libya, Iraq, and Algeria, could end his dependence on the more conservative Saudis.

In a conciliatory effort to counter Assad's diplomacy, the Israelis last month lifted their naval blockade of Tyre and Sidon on the Lebanese coast. The reward for this gesture was a huge shipment of Soviet arms and a Soviet-instigated PLO rocket attack on the Israeli town of Nahariya.

Recent U.S. diplomacy may have played a role in Sadat's calculations. Because the Carter Administration appeared to be seeking a comprehensive settlement, U.S. diplomacy necessarily moved leftward, seeking to accommodate, at least to some degree, the more radical and intransigent elements in the Arab world. Without their acquiescence, a comprehensive settlement would be out of the question. In effect, Carter's diplomacy gave the hardliners what amounted to a veto at the prospective

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Geneva talks. He also brought the Soviet Union dramatically back into the Middle East picture. From Sadat's perspective, these could only appear to be highly negative developments.

Therefore Sadat moved quickly, both to assert his own position of leadership relative to Assad, and to counteract the negative political effects of U.S. diplomacy. Suddenly, there was a convergence of interest between Sadat and Begin. Whatever else it may accomplish, Sadat's visit has brought a new sense of possibility into the Middle East tangle, and it is not likely that things will be quite the same there again.

Synthetic Oracle

Concerning the National Women's Conference, a few observations:

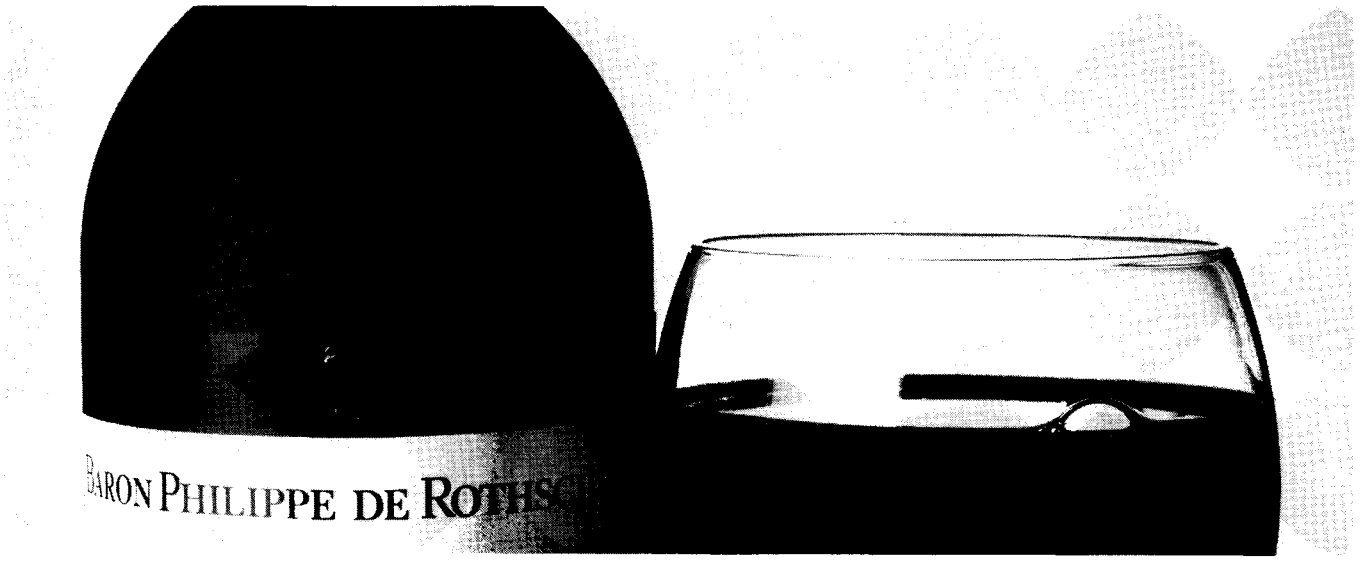
1. The news reports refer to the two thousand voting presences as "delegates." From whom did they have their delegation? From a few feminists who, alerted that there would be a federally sponsored convention, bestirred themselves to determine its content. Few others knew or cared enough to participate. There were no real local bases of interest to be canvassed. The whole thing was a procedural gerrymander with phantom constituencies.

2. Naturally enough, the thing was representative only of those who wanted to have such a bash in the first place. Gloria Steinem said the exact reverse of the truth: "The people here are infinitely more representative than the legislatures of New York or Utah or Florida." We at least know how state legislatures are chosen: candidates solicit public support at some length; and they do not casually pass resolutions endorsing abortion, lesbianism, constitutional amendments, and the entire agendas of ideological splinter groups.

3. The name of the affair was a misnomer on the order of "Union of Soviet Socialist Republics." It was not national; it did not speak for a reliable sampling of women; there was precious little conferring. There was just enough participation by dissenters to permit the pretense that "all points of view" were accommodated. In fact those dissenters were essential to the ruse.

4. The real dissenters were outside—15,000 of them, led by people like Phyllis Schlafly. Nor is there any particular reason to say that *they* were a representative cross-section of American opinion, feminine or otherwise. Still, they paid their own way, whereas the "delegates" went at the expense of, e.g., the reader.

5. The Conference was a venture in redundancy. Was there any doubt from the start about what would be endorsed, demanded, proclaimed? This was a New Class orgy—the most frequently uttered words being "government program."



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The first.

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6. The whole exercise in bogus representation was abetted by the media, which took the spectacle seriously and presented it as an oracle of (in *Time*'s words) "What Women Want." The dramaturgy was all part of the propaganda—the ritual ratification of cliché. The Conference's veridical value was about on a par with that of a Moscow show trial.

7. A good time was had by all.

Republican Image

With public support for Jimmy Carter reaching record lows for a first-year President, one would expect the Republican Party to gather the approval of some of the discontented. But according to political analyst Kevin Phillips, life is as lonely as ever for the Grand Old Party. If his predictions turn out to be right, it may become even lonelier.

Phillips uses some startling figures to make his point. Public opinion surveys show strong disapproval for Carter's efforts to combat what Americans consider to be our three major problems: 76 to 19 per cent against his anti-inflation plans; 74 to 20 per cent against his unemployment program; and under 40 per cent in favor of his energy policies. Ironically, and sadly, Phillips reports, this disenchantment has not damaged Democratic Party credibility in the least. The only Democrat suffering is Carter. For instance, recent Gallup data show that Americans still believe the Democratic Party to be the one most capable of handling those same three issues: 36 to 19 per cent on inflation; 43 to 10 per cent on unemployment, and, incredibly, 45 to 9 per cent on energy.

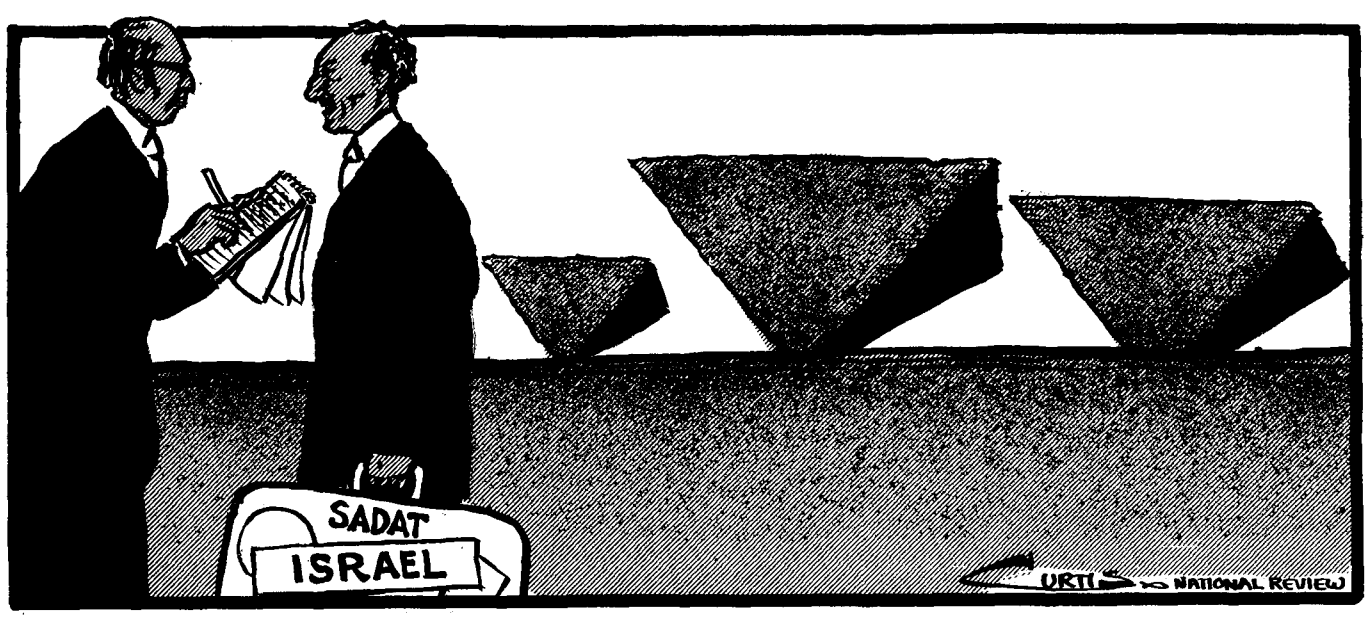
In the late 1960s and early 1970s those figures were reversed. The public perceived the Republicans as more effective on Vietnam, race, inflation, whatever issues Americans considered most important. Phillips concludes: ". . . the GOP has done better when issues of war, nationalism, and social policy have predominated. The Democrats, in turn, have invariably done best on basic economic issues."

This primacy of economic concern is likely to continue, says Phillips, a fact which does not bode well for any Republican comeback. Meanwhile, many GOP leaders refuse to take highly visible stands on important social issues like busing, quotas, and the Panama Canal—just the issues which Phillips says have always been effective catalysts for Republican politicians. President Carter may be slipping, but his troubles are not helping the GOP.

More OPECs

"The Carter Administration has adopted a positive approach toward the negotiation of individual commodity agreements to stabilize prices," says C. Fred Bergsten, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. At a recent conference in New York, Bergsten boasted of U.S. participation in the international manipulation of tin and coffee markets. He announced that the Administration favored "internationally coordinated wheat reserves," "the establishment of a sugar stabilization fund," and perhaps similar arrangements for rubber, copper, and other commodities.

The idea is to build "buffer stocks" which would buy commodities when prices fall, and sell when prices rise. It is based on the belief that government officials know what price is correct, while market prices are often wrong. If adopted by private producers, similar goals and agreements would be properly suspected of conspiring to hold prices up, like the OPEC cartel, and the trust-busters would be called in. It is naïve to hope that buffer stock managers would be sufficiently wise to know when prices were too high or too low, and sufficiently



"It wasn't easy!"

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It's Never Too Late...

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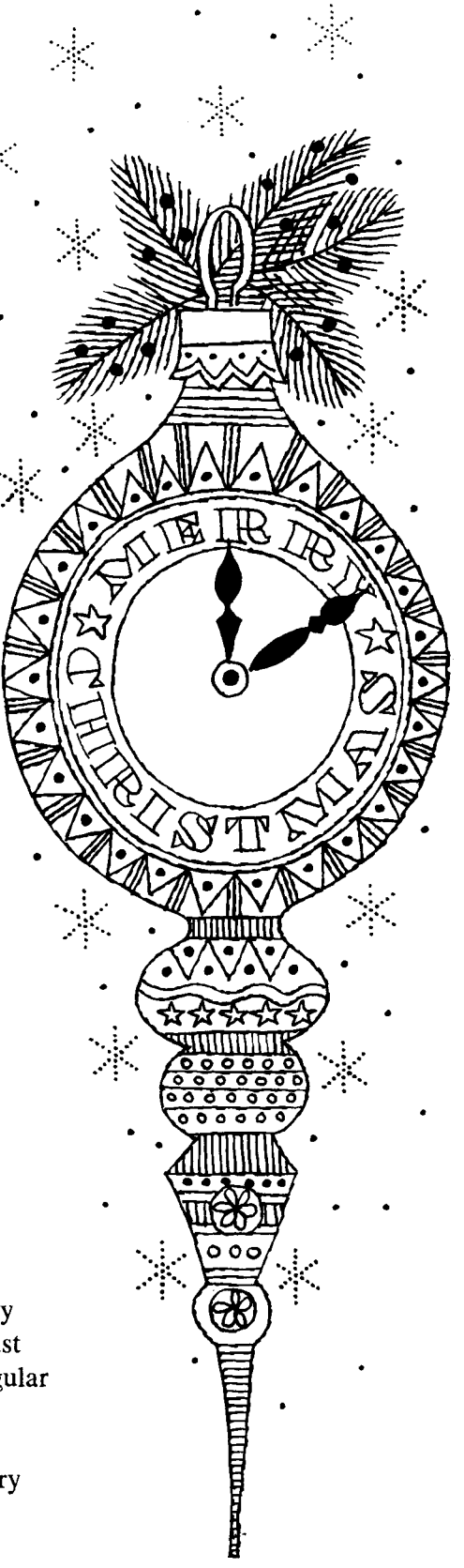

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independent to remain neutral between increases and declines.

"International commodity agreements" said Bergsten, "can reduce inflation by reducing fluctuations in commodity prices." But any favorable effects from buffer stock sales would obviously be reversed when buffer stocks were rebuilt with added purchases. Bergsten argues that commodity price increases cause the inflation in final product prices, and that declines in commodity prices are not matched by comparable declines in retail prices. But the magnified ups and downs of commodity prices are really symptoms of stop-and-go monetary policies, not something that is independent of supply and demand.

Bergsten also argues that buffer stocks "can work to stabilize prices around market trends to the benefit of both consumers and producers of particular products." Actually, private inventories and speculation already serve this purpose, and putting taxpayers into the business of speculative stockpiling would just reduce private stockpiling. Besides, it is not true that more stable prices are necessarily beneficial to either producers or consumers—it depends on the response of production and consumption to price changes. Preventing price declines may reduce producers' revenues by disproportionately reducing sales. Keeping a price too high will also encourage more production, and an unsustainable accumulation of surpluses.

If the Carter Administration must support and defend the creeping cartelization of world trade, it will have to come up with better excuses than these.

Small Cultural Disaster

As the Carter Administration moves toward the end of its first year in office, each day's headline seems to bring news of some new disaster, from the Mideast diplomacy, if diplomacy it can be called, to the apparent will to bargain away our technological assets in the SALT talks, if bargain it can be called.

With catastrophes of this scale on the drawing board, it may seem downright frivolous to bother about the disasters being planned at a couple of piddling $100-million federal cultural enterprises, the National Endowment for the Humanities and its sister National Endowment for the Arts. But both are being Carterized.

So serious is the prospective situation, that the *New York Times*' cultural correspondent Hilton Kramer has felt constrained to write of "a catastrophic shift of government policy in cultural affairs."

The reason for widespread alarm is the leverage Senator Claiborne Pell of Rhode Island has gained over the two federal Endowments. First Pell engineered the purge of the generally admired chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, Dr. Ronald Berman. As Berman's successor, after by now characteristic fumbling, the White House named a Carter supporter without much in the way of other qualifications, Joseph Duffey. To the chairmanship of the Arts Endowment, the White House, almost unbelievably, has named one Livingston Biddle Jr.—who had been nothing more than Senator Pell's own administrative assistant. Tammany Hall would have blushed at anything so crass. To recall the Carter campaign slogan "Why Not the Best?" is to engage in a form of sick humor.

What the White House has done is name weak chairmen without constituencies in the cultural world, chairmen—not to put too fine a point on it—who can be counted on to distribute the pork upon command. That numbers and politics are to take precedence over quality is perfectly clear from an astonishing White House memorandum establishing the criteria for the new chairmen. This document stated that "the Ivy League, academic and scholarly establishments" were now to be paid less attention, and that the "new chairmen should probably be familiar to organized labor, ethnic organizations, community and junior college organizations, and principal educational broadcasters." That plainly adumbrates a program of deliberate mediocrity at federal expense.

In its arts and humanities policy, the Carter White House deserves the 1977 George F. Babbitt Award for invincible ignorance about things of the mind and spirit.

Dirty Tricks?

It's hard to get outraged when you read that the FBI considered injecting a mild emetic into oranges to upset the Black Panther Food-for-the-Poor program, or that the G-men once seriously considered having a stooge elected Imperial Wizard of the Ku Klux Klan. All of that is on a par with Dita Beard and Howard Hunt's red wig. But the mountains of documents now being released show the FBI engaging in vicious activities—poison pen letters, planted stories of sexual irregularities, campaigns to destroy reputations—which can't be dismissed simply as boys will be boys, or excused because the end results—the control of subversive or criminal elements—justified the immorality.

Abuses of police power are particularly dangerous in any democracy that wants to remain one. That was why the revelation of Nixon's "enemies list" was so horrifying to so many. And insofar as the Freedom of Information Act brings these past clandestine operations to light, it provides a useful service. Better always to have less police power than too much. And what a brake it will be on the ambitious policeman or politician to know that what he does today in secrecy can be revealed tomorrow.

But the pendulum may have swung too far. The recent revelations about the FBI coming on top of years of sensationalized stories about the CIA have unleashed a crusade against any police and intelligence activity that threatens both their effectiveness and the nation's security.

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Certain police tactics have been used since Nebuchadnezzar's time to keep tabs on the ungodly: infiltration of suspect organizations, use of informants, payoffs to underground contacts, postal (and more recently telephonic and electronic) surveillance, in short, preventive police work. Know where and how the criminal—or the terrorist—plans to strike before he does; don't depend on getting to the scene of the crime fast enough to catch him after the crime has been committed, or the bomb has gone off. Such police work must be closely supervised and safeguards built in against its abuse, but it cannot be done away with, as many of the civil libertarians now insist.

A sobering thought. Only the other day it was reported that there are certain cities in the United States not thought safe for the President of the United States to visit.

Israeli Economics

Israel has adopted an economic program which the *New York Times* promptly dubbed "a move toward laissez-faire." The Israeli pound was again allowed to sink, as it has in each of the past three years, food subsidies were abolished, the value-added tax was increased, and trade restrictions were ended. The measures are realistic and helpful for a country plagued with a 38 per cent inflation rate, a $3-billion trade deficit, and escalating labor disputes. But they are probably not enough to produce the "economic miracle" that Milton Friedman is predicting. Rumors of denationalization and a cut in the 61 per cent corporate tax rate are more promising, but basic problems remain.

The country's main difficulty is that defense absorbs a third of domestic income. Part of the bill has been paid with huge budget deficits (which have resulted in high interest expense), plus 22 per cent annual increases in the money supply over the past two years. With virtually no increase in real per capita production since 1974, the result had to be substantial inflation and chronic pressures for devaluation.

The recent policy moves will ease the strains on the budget and make it potentially easier to restrain money growth. But any method of financing Israel's defense needs will continue to be a severe burden on economic growth. The best the country can do is to live within its means, and eliminate inefficient distortions and disincentives to foreign and domestic investment. The Likud party's reforms are a healthy gesture in that direction if the weak political coalition can withstand the opposition's demagogic promises of both guns and butter.

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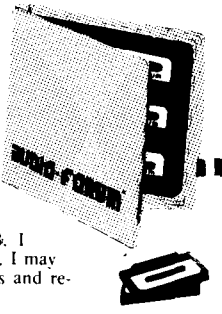

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Vietnam Déjà-Vu

Intellectuals vanishing into jails; food rationing and famines; guerrillas in the Mekong Delta . . . Flashback to 1968, and the repressive government of Thieu and Ky? No—the time is 1977, and the rulers under whom all this is happening are the Liberators of Saigon. Combining the accounts of Western intelligence analysts and Vietnamese émigrés, Bernard Kaplan has put together a surprising picture of the new Vietnam—surprising, that is to those who expected everything to be sweetness and light. When the Communists rolled to victory in 1975, they promptly clapped a quarter of a million intellectuals, military men, and members of the bourgeoisie into re-education centers—a strategy which seems now to have failed. The stream of refugees has swelled rather than shrunk, while armed resistance—confined initially to pockets of stubborn ARVN soldiers—is thought to be spreading, even among former members of the Vietcong. The Communists have accordingly changed tactics; Southern dissidents are now shipped straight to Northern prisons. Some eighty writers, artists, and entertainers have disappeared so far, and several of the most prominent—novelist Vu Hoang Chuong, singer Duy Truc—are believed dead. Normal folk, meanwhile, are simply starving; rice rations in part of the famine-racked South have dipped to under a kilogram (2.2 pounds) a month.

You won't see any of this on the six o'clock news, though. The problem is partly structural—right-wing despotisms are easier to badmouth than Communist tyrannies, because they're freer; before the fall of Saigon, every crooked ballot, every burning Buddhist monk could, and did, get instant worldwide coverage. But mostly, it's just a case of honest surprise. How *could* the Communists be so awful, when we knew they were just agrarian democrats with guns? Maybe a few reporters besides Kaplan should question some refugees, and find out.

Counter-terrorism Blues

Klaus Croissant's bilingual name suggests some of the difficulties encountered in combatting the problem of which he is a part—international terrorism. Croissant, a lawyer, had as clients the leaders of the Baader-Meinhof gang who recently died in jail. Accused earlier this year of passing plans and orders from inside prison to other terrorists still at large, he fled to France. The French were at first reluctant to extradite; but when it became clear that West German terrorists were using France as a sanctuary—that, indeed, industrialist Hanns-Martin Schleyer had probably been hidden and killed in France—Paris cooperated. Croissant was flown to Stuttgart to face a charge of aiding and abetting criminals.

Throughout the negotiations, the French have been concerned that their own laws not be overridden. The Germans, for their part, have been equally concerned with the attitude of the French intelligentsia—not merely of perverts like Genet, who might be expected to applaud criminals, but even of such usually sober oracles as *Le Monde*, which took the attitude that Baader-Meinhof thuggery is the product of a sick, materialistic society. Germany's terrorism *is* a sickness—not of its placid capitalists, but of a crazed fringe of its left-wing clerisy, which differs from its French counterpart chiefly in taking its manias seriously. Meanwhile, Croissant's surviving clients announced, by communiqué, a change in tactics. Hijackings are out: from now on, they'll just blow up planes in flight. "Capitalist profiteers" may also expect attack "at galas, premieres, and . . . in tea-rooms frequented by their painted women."

Britain: Sink or Swim

There is an ominous quality to this fall's pattern of job actions in Britain: the power-plant workers led off November with a slowdown, followed by the firemen's full-scale strike; there is the threat of a miners' strike by Christmas.

Four years ago, in the fall, Glasgow firemen struck and Ted Heath's Tory government gave in to their demands. This set the stage for the power-plant workers' and miners' slowdown which—four months later, after a winter of cold houses, darkened streets, and three-day work-weeks—had achieved the downfall of Heath's government and the end of his attempt to bring the unions under control. Under the Labor governments that followed, union demands skyrocketed, and with them inflation, which has never left double digits since. The pound fell to $1.55 (it had been at $2.40 in October 1973); British shops were filled with Continental shoppers looking for bargains, while the British hotel-owners' association was rapidly becoming an Arab emirate.

This turn of events shocked the Labor government and the more reasonable union heads back into something at

Inquest in Pretoria

There's no free press in Mozambique.
Angola's run by Neto's clique.
Uganda holds no jury trials—
A blessing for the crocodiles.
You cannot "take the Fifth" among
The favorites of Andrew Young,
Yet in South Africa they pause
To honor English common laws.

W. H. von Dreele

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least temporarily approaching common sense, and there have been signs of general recovery. Inflation is still at 14 per cent, but edging down. The latest round of union contracts actually signed are a bit above the guidelines set by the government, but far lower than the unions had threatened. The government has allowed the pound to rise to $1.80. The stock market has been trading strongly, offering the highest profits in the world over the last year—40 to 60 per cent, plus dividends.

No doubt part of the reason for the turnaround is that a nation's economy is so largely a matter of confidence, and most Britons, bitter though their jokes may be, don't really believe their country is about to sink giggling into the sea. Much of it, though, has to do with what is under that sea: oil. Britain already takes half her oil from domestic waters; by 1980 she is expected to be a major exporter. That oil, and the prosperity it promises, is one reason why the unions haven't yet brought the country to the final confrontation, and why the rest of Britain hasn't forced them to. That oil, if some of Britain's basic problems of authority aren't solved before it starts flooding in, may lubricate Britain's social machine enough to delay their solution—until the oil runs out.

Next year's election will probably be the last before 1980. This summer, as Labor's "social contact" with the unions was shredding, opinion polls showed the Tories 14 points ahead of Labor. As of the latest polls, they were running neck and neck. The firemen and the miners hold the key to what the figures will be come January.

Our Man in Maputo

Samora Machel is a fortunate man. His government has been discovered by a *New York Times* reporter who appears intent on doing for Mozambique what Herbert Matthews did for Cuba and Fidel Castro. In three recent dispatches from Maputo, *Times* reporter Michael T. Kaufman paid homage to Machel's two-year-old Marxist preserve, declaring that it has "succeeded where so many developing African nations have failed: creating a sense of discipline without outwardly turning the country into an armed camp." To be sure, the prudent Kaufman doesn't deny there are any problems, but in his 3,000-mile (guided) tour of the country he seems to have refused to be particularly bothered by any of them. Rather, he chose to celebrate the society that Machel, with the help of Cuban, North Korean, Chinese, Russian, and East European "technicians," is forging in southeast Africa.

"The experience of Mozambique is only two years old," writes the judicious Kaufman, "and any instantaneous readings of revolutionary change are subject to revision. Still, there is evidence that the degree of mobilization and national purpose attained here is great and may be more durable than anything black Africa has known." Sure, there are re-education camps, as in Vietnam, for those lacking in revolutionary zeal, but the camps are only a last resort. In most instances a lecture from the local "dynamizing" group is all that is necessary. Kaufman sought permission to visit one of these camps, but his application had to be deferred because transportation was not available. Undaunted, Kaufman notes that a British journalist who was granted a tour of a camp discovered not a trace of brutality, the exact discovery one suspects Kaufman would have made had he been allowed his visit.

What is remarkable about Kaufman's report is how drastically it differs from other stories in the Western press about Mozambique. According to an account in the London *Telegraph*, Machel's re-education camps are, contrary to what Kaufman's British journalist found, grim places of semi-starvation and sexual humiliation where death is not a stranger. He also made no mention of Mozambican refugees now living in Portugal, forced to leave by Machel for the offense of choosing Portuguese citizenship after independence. These refugees speak of a land of drastic food shortage, torture, and slave labor camps, a Mozambique that eluded Kaufman.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You claim to be a "radical" conservative, but the truth is you are a secret liberal in the Rockefeller-Javits mold.

You are listed as a member of the Rockefellerized Council on Foreign Relations, an establishment, and semi-secret clique based in New York, and CFR as it is popularly called is dedicated to various un-American aims, such as—World government; an International income tax; the merger of our great and free Republic with socialist and outright Communist states; repudiation of our independence and freedoms, that our forefathers fought to make us; and a world ruled by a United Nations Socialist monopoly. Now, Mr. Buckley, I suggest you come out from behind your mask, and let the American people know that you are a true-blue liberal, not the ultra-conservative you have conned the poor gullible Americans into believing you are!

Waiting to hear from you,
Andrew Russo
Salinas, Calif.

Dear Mr. Russo: Please see Mr. Nagorski's article on the CFR, p. 1416. WFB

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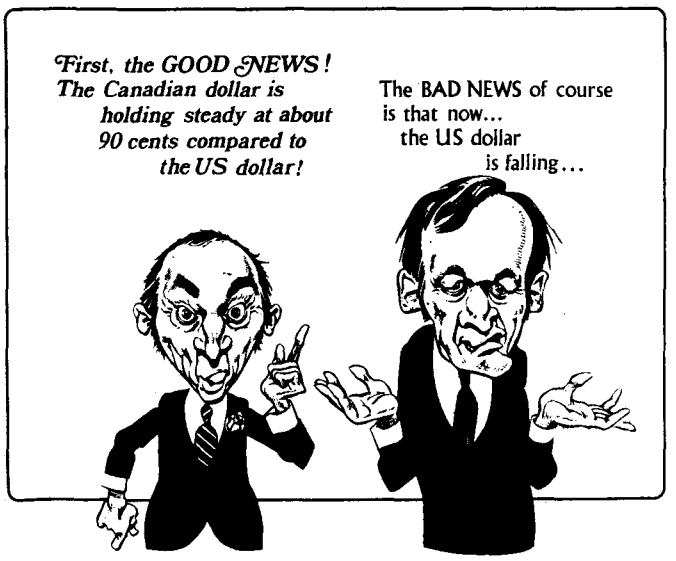
First, the GOOD NEWS!
The Canadian dollar is holding steady at about 90 cents compared to the US dollar!
The BAD NEWS of course is that now... the US dollar is falling...

Peterson, *Vancouver Sun* Rothco

■ Dear Sirs:

From time to time I receive an appeal from *NR* for a donation of $25, $50, $100, $100,000. These letters fill me with mixed feelings. I am flattered that *NR* should believe that I who have spent my life writing for the (now-defunct) pulp magazines and teaching in a small, Midwestern (also now-defunct) women's junior college might so carefully have saved and so astutely invested my earnings that I could presently, generously come to the financial rescue of my favorite magazine. But if I am flattered, I am also a little disturbed. Does *NR* make the same mistake that the liberals make? Do you believe that all conservatives are wealthy? I can remember when, in the Thirties, wearing the one (shabby) suit of clothes which I possessed, I used to walk to the polls to vote against FDR.

But all this is only an introduction to what I really want to say to you this morning. Not long ago I submitted to you a couple of lines of doggerel:

Jimmy, since it doesn't please yuh
To purchase chrome from Rhodesia
Then please tell me why in hell
You are flirting with Fidel.

I received one of those polite, stereotyped, euphemistic rejection slips informing me that you regretted that my contribution did not fit in with your present editorial needs. Now, this lame excuse, gentlemen, I will not buy. However, a couple of other, valid reasons for your rejection do occur to me. 1) You may have thought my verse lousy. After all, *De gustibus non est disputandum*, as Professor Babbitt taught me fifty-odd years ago. Or, 2) since you ceaselessly ask me for money, then perhaps you could not afford to pay me for my verse.

Well, gentlemen, I believe that I can now overcome your objections, both 1) and 2). As for 1) I have now polished and rewritten and sharpened my chef d'oeuvre. It has become:

Jimmy, if it doesn't please yuh
To have dealings with Rhodesia,
Then explain to me, pray tell,
Why you're flirting with Fidel.
If human rights is what it's with,
Isn't Castro worse than Smith?
Or is it always liberal-chic
To support a Bolshevik?

And as for objection 2), I now offer you my doggerel free of charge. Please accept it in lieu of the $100,000 which, believe me, I should really like to send you.

I am, by the way, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope. If you still don't want my verse, please send me another rejection slip, and I shall then mail my verse to my alma mater's new *Harvard Magazine*. Maybe it would reach and enrage more liberals there, anyway.

With my very best wishes,
Herbert A. Woodbury
Godfrey, Ill.

Dear Mr. Woodbury: I think you should send your verse to Harvard. They're always passing the hat too, and charity begins at home. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In *The Governor Listeth* you stated, "Those who cannot love Bach are to be pitied. Those who believe that Bach should not be admired should be despised." I should like to discover Bach but don't know where to begin. I admit that I am simply overwhelmed by the vast amount of Bach available on records and tapes, and not having unlimited funds available, I am turning to you for help.

If you should suddenly find yourself exiled to, say, Elba or Plains, Ga., with only a cassette player and six to 12 pre-recorded tapes, which would you choose? Please include the artist and recording company. Bill, before you write me off as a kook, remember that there must be dozens of us loyal subscribers who seek to avoid your disdain by digging Bach. If you can do for Bach what you recently did for celestial navigation, you might even be asked to write a music column for the *Times*.

Very truly yours,
Charles Jones, DO
Sterling Heights, Mich.

Dear Dr. Jones: People disagree concerning the merits of different interpretations. But most would agree that you should listen to some choral music (say, the *B-minor Mass*, or the *St. Matthew Passion*), some ensemble music (say *The Brandenburg Concertos*), and some keyboard music (say the *Clavierabung*, which comprises the six partitas, the Goldberg variations, and other yummies). Then let me hear from you. Cordially,
—WFB

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Televising à la Russe

JAMES BURNHAM

LAST WINTER the British Broadcasting Corporation had an exciting idea. To mark the sixtieth anniversary of the Russian Revolution, BBC would program the week beginning November 6 as Russian Week. There would be lots of opera, ballet, circus, parades, orchestras, and choruses. No trouble about these: Moscow had plenty of tapes on the shelf and would be happy to make them available. But BBC's idea was to include something more than reruns of the familiar standbys; in the spirit of Helsinki, it would "promote the improvement of the dissemination of filmed and broadcast information."

The BBC staff came up with a slew of proposals. One BBC team would enlist two workers from British Leyland (Britain's largest auto manufacturer), have them work for a week on a Soviet production line, and film the factory as seen through their eyes.

Another BBC team would be in Moscow for the anniversary week to film the parade, conduct interviews with Foreign Minister Gromyko and other big shots, etc. Two British personages would debate human rights with Soviet journalist Vladimir Dernayev and Aleksandr Chakovsky.

BBC officials, producers, and technicians made eight journeys to Moscow to discuss these and other plans for Russian Week. The Russians "welcomed the idea with open arms," the BBC envoys reported. "They were keen on it."

As agreed in Moscow, the BBC producer assigned to the auto feature arrived with the Leyland workers and his TV crew at Togliatti, site of the Soviet auto plant built by Fiat. Nicholas Bethell, from whose account in the *Times* (London) I draw, tells how that venture got along:

"Soon after their arrival [they] filmed a trade union meeting. David Miller [program director] says: 'First of all the trade union leaders made it clear that their main job was to raise productivity. Then they explained that they were appointed by the Communist Party and answerable to its local secretary. I don't think they realized the chilling effect on our British Leyland men.' One of the Leyland workers asked, in all innocence, why there were so few workers' cars in the factory parking lot. . . .

Cold Wave

"After this, cooperation seemed to die away. The team got only eight hours' filming in the factory instead of the four days they had been promised. They were taken to schools and ice rinks. But they did not want to film this. They wanted to film the factory. They complained to Moscow that they were not getting proper facilities. But the men from Moscow were no longer quite so friendly. They told them, 'Your producer is not doing what he agreed. He is asking awkward questions. . . .' [The BBC team] came back from Russia with a film, but not the film that Soviet TV agreed to allow us to make or that we wanted to make."

And so it went with the other projected programs—except for the Soviet-made regulars on opera, ballet, circus, etc. For the human rights debate (which was to be filmed in London), the Soviets suddenly insisted that there could not be any dissidents in the studio audience. To this BBC capitulated. Thereupon the Soviets rejected the two British spokesmen selected by BBC. That was too much for BBC. The project was dropped.

BBC's *Newsday* program had been assigned the feature on the anniversary week in Moscow, with Michael Charlton in charge. Air and hotel reservations in Moscow had been made when the Soviet Embassy in London informed BBC: "We have received an answer from Moscow about Mr. Charlton's visa. The answer is that there is no reply"—i.e., no visa. (Among Charlton's hundreds of past interviewees had been Sakharov and Solzhenitsyn.) The Embassy suggested getting a replacement for Charlton and not bothering to send a camera crew—the Soviet crew would be provided. BBC again said, Sorry, and dropped the on-the-spot Moscow coverage.

BBC ended up "reducing Russian Week to a shadow of what was originally planned and promised"—a shadow consisting for the most part of aforesaid opera, ballet, circus, etc., supplied by the Russians.

The BBC people, Bethell reports, were "bitterly disappointed."

For Sixtieth Anniversary Week, try substituting, as a textbook exercise, the Olympic 1980 Fortnight, with NBC for BBC. There is no plausible reason to suppose that the pattern of Soviet conduct in that 1980 operation will be significantly different from the 1977 Russian Week pattern. There is one difference, though, between NBC's and BBC's relation to that pattern. BBC did finally draw a line and pull out of some of the more humiliating of the pattern's entanglements. NBC, however, is getting in so deep that pulling even partially out is becoming impossible. NBC admits that its cost figure for the Olympics is already over $100 million. Then there are the advertising contracts already signed and all those background fillers already being made—with Soviet help—of the Soviet scene and the careers of likely Soviet stars of the 1980 Olympics.

What a Disappointment

Day by day NBC is being tied more closely not merely to the 1980 Olympics in the abstract but to the concrete Soviet 1980 Olympics operation: that is, to what the Kremlin plans—on the model of Hitler's 1936 Olympics—as its greatest propaganda triumph.

Last winter I referred to NBC, in its relation to the 1980 Olympics, as the "Kremlin Megaphone." I did not mean, of course, that NBC had any wish or intent to help the Kremlin. NBC has, under the capitalist code, the innocent, indeed worthy, aim of making a few bucks and maybe jacking up its ratings a notch or two. Nevertheless, no matter how innocent the subjective intent, the objective consequences of NBC's actions will further the Kremlin's purpose—are, in fact, indispensable to the Kremlin's success in Operation Olympics. Once more, I'm afraid, some of us are going to be "bitterly disappointed" to discover that Bolsheviks act like Bolsheviks. □

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A MEMBER OF THE CFR TALKS BACK

by Zygmunt Nagorski

IN THE MIDDLE of New York City—that symbol of decadence, amorality, and sin—hidden under the roof of a turn-of-the-century, one-family house, an institute exists. It is an unusual and little-known body. It was there that Dwight Eisenhower wrestled with some of the problems of an Atlantic Alliance. It was in the pages of that institute's journal that George Kennan expounded his policy of containment of the Soviet Union. It was under that roof that Henry Kissinger labored over his first major foreign policy book. And it is through that door on a side street in the center of Manhattan that foreign leaders pass to deliver their messages, to discuss their problems, to take the pulse of American foreign policy.

The name of this institute is the Council on Foreign Relations. It is as old as the United States' modern involvement in the affairs of the world. It sprang to life almost immediately after the Paris Peace Conference, created with only one thought in mind—to assert the United States' stake in world affairs and to assure that decisions affecting world peace and American interests not be made without American participation.

Then why the books and pamphlets—the tirades—attacking this institute, suggesting that it is subversive and bent on the destruction of American values? In 1962, *The Council on Foreign Relations—America's Unelected Rulers* was written by Kent and Phoebe Courtney and published by the Conservative Society of America. In it, the Council was accused of attempting to destroy America's national sovereignty, subvert the U.S. Constitution via NATO and the Atlantic Community, and place the U.S. under control of a socialist-dominated government. Figures indicating congressional voting that reflected the so-called Council line were given. The authors accused the Council of persuading the government to extend "permanent and expanding foreign aid to friends and foes alike; to increase U.S.-Soviet cultural exchanges; and to continue negotiations with the Soviet Union for disarmament."

When the attacks come from the Left, the Council is made to appear a bastion of capitalism dedicated to the proposition that multinational companies should govern the world. The United States Labor Party, an amorphous group whose members frequently contact the Council to voice their opinions, feels that the Council's intent is to destroy the policy of detente, revive the cold war, and precipitate a Sino-Soviet armed conflict. Another expression of political paranoia.

How does one respond? By persuasion or by counter-attacks? By reasoning with those who reject rational and logical discourse?

When Woodrow Wilson proclaimed the world safe for democracy, the U.S. Senate looked at him with disdain and refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles and join the League of Nations. America—tired of European wars, suspicious of mounting responsibilities—was anxious to withdraw from the world scene. It was in that climate that a group of men came forth and voiced their disagreement. It was essential to reassure concerned foreign friends that the isolationist sentiment was not unanimous. Their concern found an echo across the Atlantic, among an equally small group of American negotiators directly involved in the architecture of the postwar world. Out of that dialogue grew the concept of a council on foreign relations.

THE COUNCIL has been variously described. Joseph Kraft once labeled it an "incubator of men and ideas." William Buckley called it "inbred, snobbish, and etiolated." John Kenneth Galbraith, "a seat of boredom." In fact, it is more like a marketplace of ideas related to American foreign policy. Discussions are held, options offered. Each individual makes his own blend. The rules encourage candor in discussion. The moment a member leaves the premises, he is on his own. There has never been nor will there ever be an official position. The Council, as a service organization, opens its platform to different, often conflicting, views. No conclusions are drawn, no positions taken.

But to go back to the beginning. In the late spring of 1918, a tiny cluster of individuals met at the Metropolitan Club in New York City and decided to form an organization which they called the Council on Foreign Relations. Elihu Root, former Secretary of State, was named the honorary chairman. The first meetings held under the Council's

Mr. Nagorski is a former foreign service officer and newspaperman. His most recent book is Psychology of East-West Trade—Illusions and Opportunities. *He is currently in charge of the Members' Meetings Program at the Council.*

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auspices discussed such issues as reconstruction in France, Belgium, and Italy, investment of American capital abroad, and the flow of foreign news.

At about the same time, two institutes of international affairs were organized under joint British-American initiative —one in London, the other in New York. Among the American members, the principals included General Tasker H. Bliss, a member of the Supreme War Council in France and of the American Commission to Negotiate Peace in Paris; Colonel E. M. House, principal advisor to Woodrow Wilson; and Professor Archibald Cary Coolidge of Harvard, who later became editor of *Foreign Affairs*. Lord Robert Cecil, the British statesman, led the British counterpart. Both groups felt that facilities were badly needed for the continued study of international relations. The Paris conference revealed how poorly prepared some of the diplomats—military men, bankers, and technical experts—were to conduct intricate negotiations; they did not have the full command of the facts necessary to form sharp and rapid judgments.

These two loosely organized groups—the Council on Foreign Relations and the American Institute of International Affairs—went their separate ways until 1921 when they united to establish a permanent body for the study of the United States' international problems. The Council on Foreign Relations was incorporated under the laws of the State of New York on July 29, 1921. The membership roster consisted of 66 members of the Council in New York and 31 others, most of whom had played a part in the Paris Peace Conference of 1919 and were founding members of the Institute of International Affairs. A year later, in September 1922, there appeared in print the first volume of *Foreign Affairs*, a quarterly, published by the Council, which developed into a major journal in international affairs. By that time the Council had 210 members, a small office, a program of discussions, and the beginning of a program of research, study, and publication. Membership was limited to American citizens.

This is how the alleged "conspiracy" started. A place was provided for men deeply concerned with American foreign policy, where they could discuss their thoughts, suggestions, doubts, and criticisms freely, uninhibited by reporters; where foreign-policy makers, including foreign heads of government, could speak informally; and where the only requirements for participation were substantive knowledge and intellectual detachment. The Council soon evolved into an exciting, creative, and intellectually stimulating institution. Men—and later women also—involved in international aspects of the legal, banking, government, and other professions were drawn to the Council which they perceived as a useful platform for the free exchange of ideas with Americans and foreigners alike. The Council was able to accept only a fraction of those seeking admission. The meetings, held on the premises of the Council and limited to members only, contributed to the mistaken notion of conspiracy. From the very early stages of the Council's existence, it was psychologically difficult for those not invited to be members to understand and accept its purpose and rationale. Foreign-policy makers, however, found the Council a useful forum.

Almost from its inception the Council attracted many notable speakers. Successive Secretaries of State made a point of addressing it: Charles E. Hughes reviewed the foreign policy of the Harding Administration there; Frank B. Kellogg outlined his projected Pact of Paris; Henry L. Stimson discussed the "non-recognition" policy in the face of Japanese aggression; Cordell Hull described the results and significance of the Inter-American Conference in Buenos Aires.

During the same period, key foreign leaders addressed the Council. British Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, Italian Foreign Minister Dino Grandi, King George of Greece, Premier Georges Clemenceau of France, and on and on. This is how it all began. Increasingly, the Council attracted prominent people from around the globe. In the immediate post-World War II years, heads of state, Prime Ministers, and Foreign Secretaries of major countries used the Council's platform. Willy Brandt was the Council's guest a number of times. Georges Pompidou received a small group of members to discuss French-American relations during his brief visit to New York. Fidel Castro visited the Council in 1959, as did King Juan Carlos in 1976. And there were many others.

They came to the Council for a number of reasons. One was the character of the membership: primarily Americans who play leading roles in various sectors of the society and are involved in international affairs. A current roster, for example, would include such diverse individuals as Barbara Tuchman and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., the noted historians; Paul Warnke and Paul Nitze, both deeply involved in the issue of arms control (and, incidentally, men who see our position from diametrically opposed viewpoints); Gabriel Hauge and Frank Cary, chairmen of Manufacturers Hanover Bank and IBM respectively; Peter G. Peterson and Alexander Trowbridge, former Secretaries of Commerce; Bill Moyers and William Buckley, writers and television commentators; and others.

The Council is a place where representatives of the private and public sectors are engaged in continuing dialogue. The Council has always felt free to invite proponents of all views

An important aspect of Council meetings is the chance to speak freely before this sort of knowledgeable audience. At the Council, a key policy-maker from Malaysia, Japan, or Germany can face a gathering of men and women whose knowledge of the topic under discussion often equals his own, and discuss policy issues forthrightly. It is also a place where men of considerable stature can hear frank and critical comments. It is seldom that powerful persons in non-democratic societies are confronted by critical remarks within their own national boundaries. At the Council, how-

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ever, there are men willing to voice disagreement openly. Leaders of non-democratic governments have been sharply questioned concerning their rule when they spoke at the Council. Friendly allied leaders who regularly visit the Council have also met severe critics of their policies. Israeli and Arab leaders, who frequently appeared, were cross-examined by friends and foes alike.

This approach—of probing, examining, almost investigating—is not confined to meetings with foreign visitors. During the height of the Vietnam War the Council's platform was offered to supporters as well as opponents of the war. Generals Maxwell Taylor and William C. Westmoreland addressed members, as well as spokesmen like Sam Brown, organizer of the protest movement. Earlier, American policy toward China came under close scrutiny. Under a joint initiative of the Council and the Ford Foundation, several books were published concerning the dilemma American foreign policy faced: how to deal with Mainland China, a newly emerging Communist giant. A Council series entitled "The United States and China in World Affairs" dealt with Asian security at large, the future of Taiwan, political developments in China, and Chinese foreign policy. One of the volumes made a particularly lasting impression. *American People and China*, written by A. T. Steele, was the well-documented book that first indicated that American views of China were neither rigid nor inflexible. Steele's contribution helped make it possible for Congress and the rest of the government to re-examine our policy. The recommendations which emerged from the study, calling for a more pragmatic policy, awaited implementation by a Republican President of strong anti-Communist views.

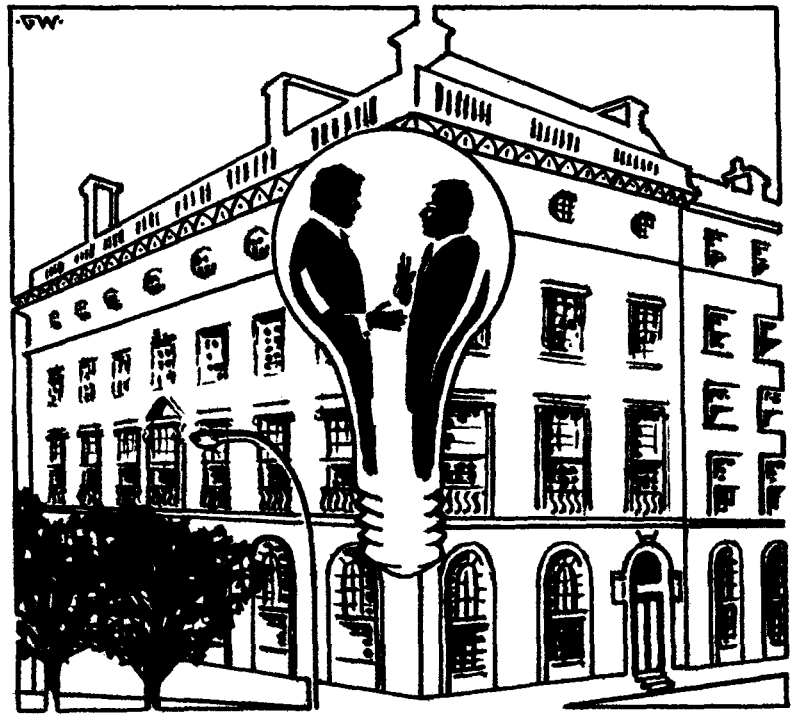
During the same period the Council also focused its attention on America's relations with other nations of the North Atlantic in a project similar in size and scope to its China-studies series. Among the ten books that emerged from the project were Henry A. Kissinger's *The Troubled Partnership*, Zbigniew Brzezinski's *Alternative to Partition*, Stanley Hoffmann's *Gulliver's Troubles, or the Setting of American Foreign Policy*, and Richard Cooper's study *The Economics of Interdependence: National Economic Policy in the Atlantic Community*. The China and Atlantic projects together represented the central focus of the Council's research efforts during the 1960s.

Does all this suggest a kind of conspiracy? Not at all. The Council is essentially an organization of foreign-policy professionals of the most varied persuasions. Just as scientists meet among themselves to discuss, analyze, and make recommendations concerning our nation's scientific policy, just as the medical, legal, and architectural professions hold meetings exclusively for those trained in their particular field, the Council brings together specialists on international affairs and foreign policy. A Council member, selected for his professional qualifications and attainments, may be an international banker, a trade unionist involved in trade unions crossing national borders, an international lawyer, a government official involved with foreign policy, a scholar engaged in foreign-policy research, or a foreign correspondent. But he will not be elected to membership unless he can make an intellectual contribution to the constant flow of Council deliberations. The Council has thus developed as a sounding-board for policies, concepts, and ideas which may not necessarily reach the decision-makers, but which are available to members, many of whom have been, are, or will be in positions of responsibility. In this capacity—as an informal, private sounding-board—the Council is a unique institution that seeks to add expert insight to the foreign-policy process of a democratic society.

The Council is a place where representatives of the private and public sectors meet and are engaged in continuing dialogue. Since its inception the Council has felt free to invite proponents of all views. On a number of occasions individuals from abroad whose presence in America was officially ignored by the government have spent evenings at the Council discussing their specific viewpoints. Among them were hard-core segregationists from South Africa, Communists from Western Europe, and—long before Belgium and Portugal dismantled their empires—members of the African black-liberation movements. On the domestic side of the Council's activities, an annual fellowship was awarded to Hans Morgenthau, the country's leading antiwar scholar, during the critical days of the Vietnam War.

A question often posed by outside observers of the Council concerns finances. The Council accepts no federal or state money to finance its own work. Its budget is published in the annual report. Council activities are financed through membership dues, corporate subscriptions and contributions, *Foreign Affairs* subscriptions and advertising, and miscellaneous income. Over the years, an endowment fund has been established, totaling around $10 million. The Council has also benefited from foundation grants, usually for specific projects.

During the long history of the Council's activities, the govern-



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ment has, on a number of occasions, taken notice of and acted upon initiatives emerging from the ranks of the Council. As long ago as 1929, a discussion group at the Council prepared a report on Anglo-American relations and naval parity. The paper had an important impact on the naval negotiations held in London in 1930. In 1934 a similar discussion group was brought together to consider the role of minerals in international relations. The report drafted was called "Elements of a National Mineral Policy." When the government decided on further study, the Secretary of the Interior was named head of a permanent investigating committee, and the chairman of the Council's group was named his deputy.

At the outset of World War II, shortly after Germany attacked Poland, a group of Council members suggested to

So where does all this lead us? To a conspiracy or to an institution which any reasonable observer should recognize as a useful melting pot of policy critiques and policy options?

the State Department that research be undertaken under four general topics: security and armaments, economics and finance, political problems, and territorial problems. This proposal culminated in a project known as The War and Peace Studies. At that time, in 1939, the Department of State was small and understaffed. It was hoped that this program, financed by a Rockefeller Foundation grant and supervised by the Council's Committee on Studies, would help to supplement official thinking with independent analyses of longer-range foreign policy problems. In time, a number of individuals involved in these studies entered the government as staff members, consultants, and members of various official delegations.

Foreign Affairs, meanwhile, has provided a forum for men and women of diverse views and positions. In the late Sixties Richard Nixon, in a lead article, outlined the political theory later known as the Nixon Doctrine. Two consecutive Presidents of Egypt and the Prime Minister of Israel put forth their views on the prospects of a Middle East settlement in major articles. More recently, Soviet-American relations, the international monetary system, and SALT negotiations were some of the key foreign policy issues that were treated in the magazine and in other Council programs. A study group dealing with the Soviet Union included George Kennan, Charles Bohlen, Llewellyn Thompson, and others of similar expertise. Currently, with the United States carving out a new niche for itself under the new Administration, a number of immediate problems are under discussion: Is the human rights issue a proper tool in foreign policy? Is it compatible with national interests? Can America and Europe have compatible policies on energy? Is the Administration's position on Rhodesia and South Africa sound?

Just as the scientific community provides manpower for scientific ventures of the government, so have Council members contributed their expertise to forming American foreign policy. Allen and Foster Dulles were among the founding fathers of the Council. Dwight Eisenhower acted as chairman of a Council Study Group concerning the defense of Europe. The use and limitation of nuclear weapons was extensively discussed by a study group of which John J. McCloy, the first American High Commissioner in post-war Germany, was a member. The author of the first volume in the series "The United States in World Affairs," to which the Council annually adds a volume, was Walter Lippmann. Nelson and David Rockefeller are current members, with David currently Chairman of the Board of Directors. Henry Kissinger is a member, as are his predecessors as National Security Advisor, Walter Rostow and McGeorge Bundy, as well as his successor, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Irving Kristol and Norman Cousins, Cyrus Vance and Robert Roosa, William Simon and Douglas Dillon have all been participants at the Council. All of these people, conservatives and liberals, Democrats and Republicans, have one thing in common. They believe that in a democracy it is necessary to have some place where an unencumbered, unobstructed atmosphere of free intellectual exchange can be maintained. And that such a place—where specialists in the field of American foreign policy meet, air their views, differ, argue, and leave after having cross-fertilized one another's minds—is a proper element in a democratic society.

So where does all this lead us? To a conspiracy, or to an institution which any reasonable observer should recognize as a useful melting pot of policy critiques and policy options, a neutral forum engaging the full participation of a private bi-partisan group of concerned citizens?

In simple terms, the Council is a privately sponsored, privately financed, privately managed post-graduate academy of political science, functioning in the true spirit of public service. So far from being a conspiracy, it is a community of intellectual freedom. Freedom permitting men and women—involved, interested, with scholarly inclinations concerning the mechanics and substance of foreign policy—to meet under one roof and test their views. It is a body that seeks no consensus, no agreed-upon conclusions. It is a setting that allows its members to meet, listen to, and have discussions with proponents and opponents of majority rule in South Africa and Rhodesia, advocates and opponents of a free French Quebec, supporters and critics of Eurocommunism, spokesmen for NATO and representatives of the Warsaw Pact countries.

As long as the human race exists and strives for a better world, this kind of discourse should be encouraged. Men cannot confine themselves to limited visions of their own professional lives. They reach for more. The purpose of the Council on Foreign Relations is to enlarge their vision and to expose them to a broad spectrum of ideas. It is both innovative and challenging. As such, it is, and will remain, suspect only to those who are unwilling to recognize the process of change, who fear the unknown.

The Council is indeed an incubator of men and ideas. Nothing more. But also nothing less. □

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LETTER FROM NEW HAVEN

Carrillo 'neath the Elms

RICHARD BROOKHISER

"WELL," SAID AN earnest stranger behind me as we left the meeting of the Yale Political Union, "he's *definitely* to the right of George McGovern." Not a startling statement, on the whole—most people are—except that its subject, the speaker to whom we had just been listening, was the Secretary General of the Spanish Communist Party, Santiago Carrillo.

Taking advantage of relaxed visa laws, Carrillo made an 11-day tour of the United States this month. On a four-day fellowship at Yale, he gave a press conference and a speech, and talked to several classes. Later stops included Johns Hopkins, Harvard, and the Council on Foreign Relations.

Carrillo's purpose was to promote his own brand of Eurocommunism; and, as in bridge, there were three other players in the game. America was dummy. Carrillo of course would like American goodwill for the long run; but his immediate goal was to appear against American backdrops and rub shoulders with members of the American intellectual stud book—to acquire an air of globetrotting respectability. Nixon had the Great Wall; Carrillo wanted—and got—Harkness Tower.

Playing against him for the time being is Spanish opinion (half a dozen of the reporters covering him were Spanish). The Communist performance in last June's elections was not gratifying. Carrillo's party took only twenty seats in the 350-member Chamber of Deputies, and less than 10 per cent of the vote.

The fourth player in the Eurocommunism rubber is the Soviet Union. In Moscow's view, Carrillo has been far too willing to make rhetorical compromises in order to achieve political success; and the June elections only compounded heresy with failure. Carrillo has played the subsequent snubs for all they're worth—"I'm not sure whether this was discrimination or some kind of honor," he quipped after being barred from the podium at the October Revolution ceremonies in Moscow. Yet surely Carrillo is not eager to lose all Russian support (1.5 billion pesetas in 1976—$17 million—according to Spanish intelligence); and should his travels actually yield political results, Kremlin skeptics might be induced to view him as a better investment.

The press conference began with a picket line. Yale's blue-collar workers have been on strike since September, and the door of the master's house of Timothy Dwight College was covered by a small circle of workers, students, and Trotskyists. Master Kagan led Carrillo into the living room: "We even got a red chair for you." Carrillo is pert and bespectacled; his lenses look as if they were ground for binoculars.

In the course of an hour, he praised America, democracy, human rights, and the strike—"In spite of the fact I'm here while the strike is going on, I am sure the strikers would not like to see me denied the opportunity to speak. In Spain," he added disarmingly, "the feeling is that the American labor movement is more to the right than the Spanish Right." He fielded each question with fluency and tact. What is the difference between socialism and Eurocommunism? "There is no fundamental difference, if indeed the socialist is a truthful one." Do you believe capitalism is an evil? "As feudalism was replaced by capitalism, so capitalism will naturally be replaced by Communism. It's not a question of ethics, but of the progress of history." What about Soviet attempts to encourage a splinter party under Civil War veteran Enrique Lister? "Lister was a brave soldier from 1936 to 1939; but, as you know, in Spain today he has little influence." Does the defeat of the Swedish Social Democrats signal a retreat from socialism? "The social system, the social improvements are still the same. In the next election, it is quite possible the Social Democrats will win again."

Carrillo's speech the next night was more heavily picketed (the New Haven chapter of the CPUSA, perennial Soviet toadies, joined in); but the audience was enthusiastic. The only hisses came when Carrillo promised to secure American investments; aside from that, he was everyone's idea of a parfit, gentil Communist: anti-NATO, but not pro-Warsaw Pact; pro-democracy, but not anti-monarchist; and always, always conciliatory: "Spanish democracy is still fragile; we cannot afford competition between the Left and the Right. We have to found a new political system . . . and for that all democrats . . . must put their shoulders to the wheel."

All of this, of course, comes straight out of Lenin. No purist, Lenin was always willing to shore up democracy—so long as it served his purposes. "In a non-revolutionary situation, [Communists must] be able to champion the interests of the revolution in non-revolutionary bodies, and quite often in downright reactionary bodies." That Carrillo champions revolution he made clear in *Eurocommunism and the State*: Communists must "conquer dominant positions . . . [in] the church, education, culture, the system of relations of the political forces, the means of information, etc." His oft-repeated promise to relinquish such positions if voted out should be interpreted in the light of his answer to the Swedish question: Carrillo, if elected, will tolerate brief interregnums—so long as everything continues to go his way.

THINGS WENT HIS WAY in America, if the Yale Political Union speech was any indication. About a tenth of the audience was composed of claquers, but even so I would guess its reaction was not grossly atypical. American students, as Pat Moynihan remarked, "learn nothing of ideology for fear of catching it"; the most rudimentary semantic decoding is beyond their power. The only totalitarians Yalies disdain are beaten ones. Last year, when it was revealed that a teacher in the Slavic department had, in 1943, written articles for a Nazi-run newspaper in occupied Russia, he was execrated for weeks. This year, Santiago Carrillo, up-and-coming democrat, receives a fellowship. One hopes the Spanish will be more discerning. □

Mr. Brookhiser is an associate editor of NR.

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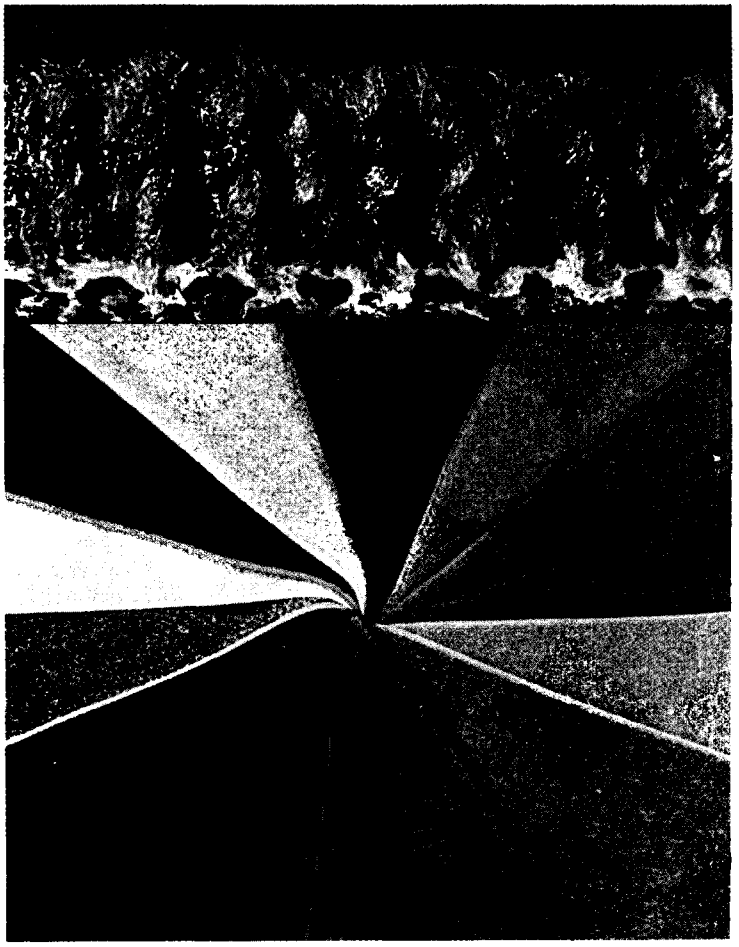

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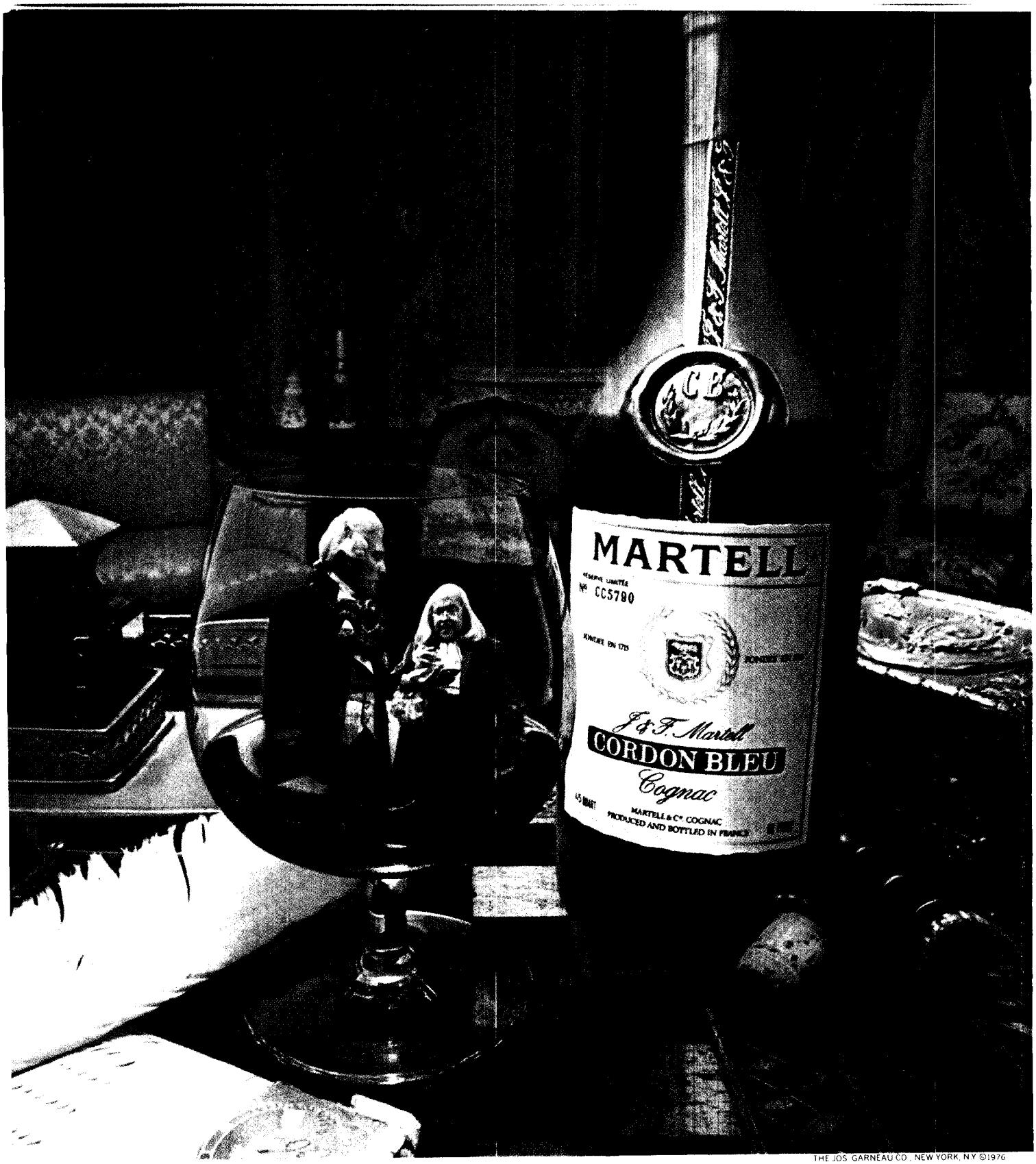

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In 1778, Louis XVI probably welcomed the new ambassador from America with a glass of Martell.

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LETTER FROM RICHMOND

Carter Strikes Out in Virginia

ROSS MACKENZIE

THE VIRGINIA gubernatoria race was perhaps the most interesting of the November 8 off-year elections. Certainly it told us the most about Jimmy Carter.

The race pitted Virginia's Republican Lieutenant Governor, John Dalton, against a former Lieutenant Governor, Henry Howell. This was Democrat Howell's third try for the executive mansion in Richmond; it was Dalton's first. Dalton campaigned on a promise to continue the policies of Mills Godwin—the first Virginian elected governor twice since Patrick Henry—and won. In his victory statement, Dalton pledged "to see to it that conservative-type government continues in Virginia for the next four years."

Howell is something else—a cross between Lester Maddox, George McGovern, and a carny-caller. Virginians never have seen anything quite like him. When the returns showed him going down to the most crushing defeat of his three attempts, there were audible sighs of relief from voters convinced that this had to be Howell's last campaign. In his subsequent morning-afterings, Howell has pledged that he will not seek gubernatorial election one more once.

There were essentially two issues in the bruising gubernatorial campaign: Henry Howell and Jimmy Carter.

Howell is, first of all, a pre-eminent practitioner of habitual linguistic indiscretion, a wielder of verbal axe-handles. He linked his Democratic primary opponent—former Attorney General Andrew Miller, a man as inoffensive as Dalton—to anti-Jewish bigotry and charged that he lacked stability. During the general election campaign, Howell said of a harmless statement by Dalton that it "will equal what Goebbels did." But Howell does things with a purpose. Following his loss to Dalton, he sought to explain: "I called [Dalton's] propaganda meaner than a junkyard dog, compared it to Goebbels. . . . That's not considered statesmanlike. I felt it was a way to send up the red flag to the Howell voters. I wanted them to hear me."

Second, for years Howell has been a gun-slinger for organized labor. In all of his campaigns, he has received massive infusions of labor cash. This year was no exception: in-state and out-of-state labor combined gave him about $300,000 for his political quest, or about 30 per cent of his total receipts. And with good reason. He is on record as favoring collective bargaining for public employees—proscribed in Virginia—and repeal of the state's right-to-work law. In 1972 he told delegates to the state AFL-CIO convention: "You is me and me is you." Indeed, so reliable is he deemed by the unions that this year he was able to prevail on them to endorse his moderate and conservative running-mates, Charles Robb and Edward Lane. A state labor official described Robb and Lane as "turkeys," but implied that labor was going along with them on Howell's say-so.

THIRD, HOWELL is a Naderite who has made his reputation a) by saying hateful things about Virginia's electric and telephone utilities and b) by urging the shackling of business. In this campaign Howell also said he favored an increase in individual state income taxes for persons with taxable incomes above $12,000, and the removal of the state "capital gains tax shelter except when you sell your own homestead."

Fourth, Howell hitched his wagon to Jimmy Carter's star. Wherever he went, Howell spoke of his Carter connection, often with swoony infatuation. To wit:

—"I almost feel like I'm going to Heaven when I hear [Jimmy Carter] speak."

—"I think he is going to be the greatest President in modern history."

—"Jimmy came to see us in 1975. Betty and I got out of our bed and went into another room and let Jimmy sleep in our bed. So . . . every night I get home I sleep in the bed the President slept in."

To such expressions of devotion, Carter responded with uncharacteristic enthusiasm. Carter's extraordinary commitment to Howell's election began during the Democratic primary—in violation of Carter's expressed determination not to involve himself in state nominating processes. Carter's pollster Patrick Caddell ran surveys for Howell. Carter's media advisor Gerald Rafshoon prepared ads for Howell and told him how to wear his hair. Carter's political advisor Hamilton Jordan reportedly sported an "I believe in Henry Howell" button around the White House.

Howell astounded practically everybody by trouncing Miller in the primary. The reasons were several—e.g., Miller strove too hard to portray himself as Mr. Nice Guy and spent too little time depicting Howell as an extremist. As a consequence, the turnout was low, and Howell's hard-core supporters carried the day.

Then Carter redoubled his labors for Howell. Shortly after the primary, Carter invited Howell and wife Betty to the White House. Jimmy and Betty held hands and nuzzled in the Rose Garden for photographers. Then the three went into the Oval Office for lunch, which was cheeseburgers. Hear Howell tell it:

> Jimmy said, "Betty, I hope you like cheeseburgers, because I just love cheeseburgers, and I have cheeseburgers at least one lunch a week, and this is a cheeseburger lunch day." . . .
>
> We had consommé, of course. Then came the cheeseburger. And it was really a whopper, folks. I wish you had been there. It was a whopper! And Betty looked at it. It was beautiful—round steak ground, melted cheese, and a great big toasted bun. . . . So Betty picked up her knife and fork, and she was about to sever the round steak ground in a very delicate, lovely, serene manner.
>
> But there was Jimmy: he picks up the catsup, puts it on one side of his cheeseburger. Then he picks up some mustard and puts it on the other side. Then he just smack-dabs those two halves together. And here I am—I hadn't done anything yet. I didn't know whether to knife-and-fork it, or smack-dab it. But I decided to smack-dab it, like Jimmy. Jimmy just picked his up and went at it, like you and I.

Mr. Mackenzie is editorial-page editor of the Richmond News Leader.

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I thought this was important—to let you know how real our President is, how down-to-earth he is . . . and how much he wants a Democratic administration in this statehouse.

Howell frequently used that rendition early in the race against Dalton. Howell also supported everything about Carter —from the Carter Panama and energy policies to the Carter position on affirmative action. And it wasn't long before Virginia visits by the Carter contingent began.

Rosalynn campaigned. Son Jack campaigned. Jimmy himself spent a day in Virginia campaigning in Roanoke, Norfolk, and Williamsburg. Fritz Mondale campaigned. Agriculture Secretary Bob Bergland campaigned. Even Hamilton Jordan and Stuart Eizenstat campaigned: somehow it is difficult to conjure up the image of Richard Nixon dispatching their counterparts—Bob Haldeman and John Ehrlichman—to campaign on his behalf for *any*one. The day before the election, Howell was pressing the flesh in a country store in the rural Virginia town of Courtland when he received a telephone call from none other than busy Jimmy Carter urging him on to victory. And on the night of his defeat, Howell received not just one call of commiseration, but three: one from Rosalynn, one from Fritz, and one from the President himself.

The Carter-Howell effort failed miserably. Howell received only 43 per cent of the vote, and trailed Dalton by 160,000 votes. (In his two prior efforts, Howell lost by 65,000 and 15,000 respectively.) Across the state the turnout was heavy, and Howell's percentages correspondingly dropped. He carried only two of Virginia's ten congressional districts—both in his power base in the Norfolk area, and both by small margins.

The Carter influence was apparently negligible, if not detrimental: in the three cities Carter visited, the Howell percentages were about six points lower than his 1973 percentages. In the Roanoke metropolitan area, where the Carter Administration made one of its heaviest investments (appearances by Jimmy Carter, Jack Carter, and Hamilton Jordan), Howell dropped nine points.

Now: Given the incredible catalogue of the Carter commitment to Howell, and that commitment's demonstrable failure, what conclusions can be drawn?

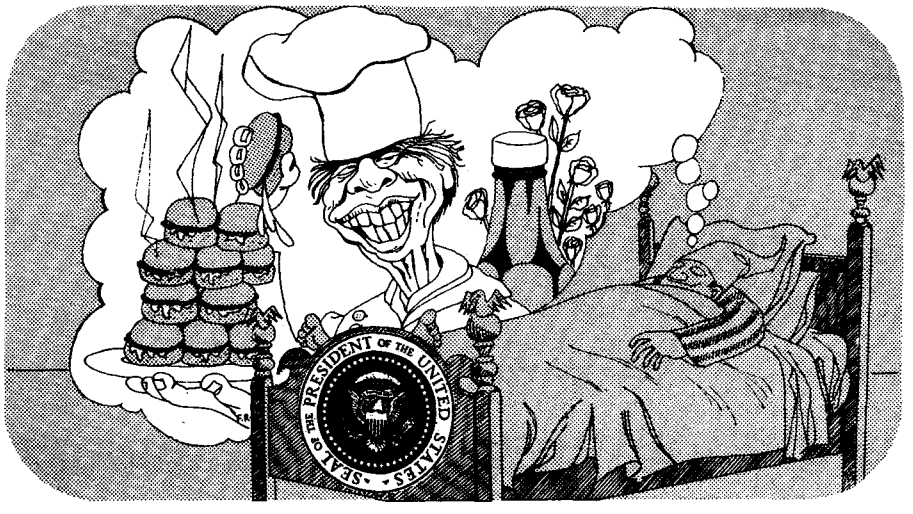
CARTER HAD HOPED to return Virginia —the only Southern state to go against him a year ago—to the Carter column. Carter candidates have not done well at the polls this year. Elections to fill the long-time Democratic congressional seats left vacant by the Administration appointments of Bergland and Brock Adams resulted in Republican victories. Another Democratic seat went Republican in Louisiana. And the race to fill the vacancy left by the appointment of Andrew Young saw the victory of a Democrat far less far-out than Young. With the polls saying his popularity is declining, Carter clearly wanted some Democratic victories on November 8. He got one with the re-election of Brendan Byrne as governor of New Jersey, but that was an election based almost entirely on the issue of the state income tax. The Carter effort in New Jersey was perfunctory and routine. Virginia was the prize.

But there is a deeper, fuller explanation of the Carter commitment to Howell, and it is this: Carter identifies with Howell ideologically and personally; Howell is Carter's kind of people. The two are simpático. Jordan gave the game away while campaigning in Roanoke. He said privately that aside from Carter, Howell is the only politician that Jordan really likes. Carter is smoother than Howell, and more adept at covering his ideological tracks. Yet Carter perceives that, despite their contrasting public veneers, Howell is a soul-mate.

If that is the explanation for the extraordinary Carter commitment, then the things we know about Henry Howell tell us a good deal about Jimmy Carter. And what we know about Howell is not comforting: Howell is heavily in hock to labor, nourishes a pronounced animus toward business, styles himself a Naderite, would work Washington's will in Virginia, and has a heart that goes pit-a-pat at the very mention of the virtues of government regulation.

In the crunch, in Virginia's gubernatorial election, the issues were Henry Howell and Jimmy Carter. Each identified with the other time and time again. A popular President should be able to help a friend hold off a challenge. Yet Carter could not salvage Howell. At best, Carter was ignored—probably because he is decidedly unpopular with Virginians. The White House said, predictably, that the Howell defeat did not reflect on Carter's policies or popularity; but, if the election had gone the other way, the White House would have described it as a mandate for both.

To a considerable degree, this election was a referendum on the national Administration of the day, as Virginia elections often are. Carter bet one way. Virginia's discerning voters went the other way. Perhaps the truest thing Howell said during the campaign was, "The question is whether the people of Virginia want to elect a governor who is a good friend of the President." The majority of Virginia's voters didn't like Jimmy Carter a year ago. Evidently they like him—and his friends—even less now. □



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MAO'S LEGACY

Marxism as a Political Religion

WILLIAM H. HEARD

"Not to have a correct political point of view is like having no soul."
—Mao Tse-tung, "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions among the People."

IT IS SOMETIMES said that a religion is what binds a people together; certainly a religion ought to bind all things together for a people: it ought to give them a cohesive point of view in which all things can be related to one another. Assuredly, Maoist Marxism attempts to bind all things together and to unite the people of China. Like many other religions, it presents a god which is unseen. Unlike other gods, this one has not been seen at some time past, but, like most, it is expected to be seen in the future. It is Man, fully socialized and thereby fully free, with the Dictatorship of the Proletariat as His prophet.

Parallels with religious practice and concerns abound in a work such as Mao Tse-tung's "On the Correct Handling of Contradictions among the People." The whole speech resembles an article on renewal by a church official. It is concerned with repairing damage caused by error, with promoting qualitative growth, and with unifying the people. In it Mao says that the correct procedure is from unity through criticism to greater unity, correcting errors and promoting growth in the Party as in individuals. This route closely parallels the usual application of the Sacrament of Penance, as well as the routine re-examination of church policies and programs.

And, like all religious self-examination, this "remolding" process was for everybody—even Mao, as he himself said. Or, rather, not quite everybody: the process of remolding by criticism, from unity unto unity, was only for those who were operating in unity of spirit with the Proletariat to begin with. Counterrevolutionaries, on the other hand, along with traitors and criminals of every stripe, were to be dealt with simply as the enemy.

Dr. Heard, formerly of Incarnation Episcopal School in Dallas, is rector of Grace Episcopal Church in Weslaco.

Flowers or Weeds?

Mao saw the difficulty in separating the sheep from the goats, to employ another religious phrase. On the one hand, the enemies of the masses had to be dispensed with; on the other, contradictions *among* the people were to be solved with patience and tact, for a synthesis of ideas that would work for the benefit of all involved: "Let a hundred flowers blossom, let a hundred schools of thought contend." But of these hundred blooms, which are fragrant flowers and which are noxious weeds? Can anyone be absolutely sure of telling the difference between them all the time?

This discerning of spirit is to be done with the aid of six criteria relating to unity, the socialist goal, and the author-

ity of the Party. They are not a list of test ideas, as in a Creed, but they serve the same general purpose as a Creed, acting as the measure of orthodoxy under the standards of a given religious group.

And in terms of this unity which is to be promoted, the unity of the different peoples of China is an important consideration. The Han people, the great majority, are told not to be guilty of separating themselves from their brethren by falling into "Han chauvinism" (sic), a form of false and divisive pride. They must be catholic in outlook about race.

In all these things the Chinese must be completely serious. Contradictions are objective realities, like sins. In fact, we may say that they are the venial sins of Chinese Communist man, or the cardinal sins of the enemy, be he heretic or heathen from the Maoist standpoint.

We Are Not Afraid

From the viewpoint of its history, also, Communist China bears a similarity to the Church. It looks back on harder times than it now endures ("The large-scale and turbulent class struggles of the masses characteristic of the previous revolutionary periods have in the main ended, but class struggle is by no means entirely over"). Mao considered the challenge of the present a serious one, since capitalist inclinations among the *petite-bourgeoisie* and the peasantry die hard. But he emphasized the necessity to avoid treating even the *petits-bourgeois* as enemies until they demonstrate that they are actively against the revolution. Instead they are to be educated—led out of their ideas instead of forced out of them, since the latter course is impossible. The Party is to accept criticism because criticism makes a party as well as an individual tougher, even (or especially) when it is unjustified.

Many of the arguments outlined above, only slightly altered, could be used to make a present-day church aware of its place among history's issues and challenges. To that extent, with the aim of developing the Chinese Communist Party into an heroic group, Mao operated it as one would a church.

(Continues on page 1448)

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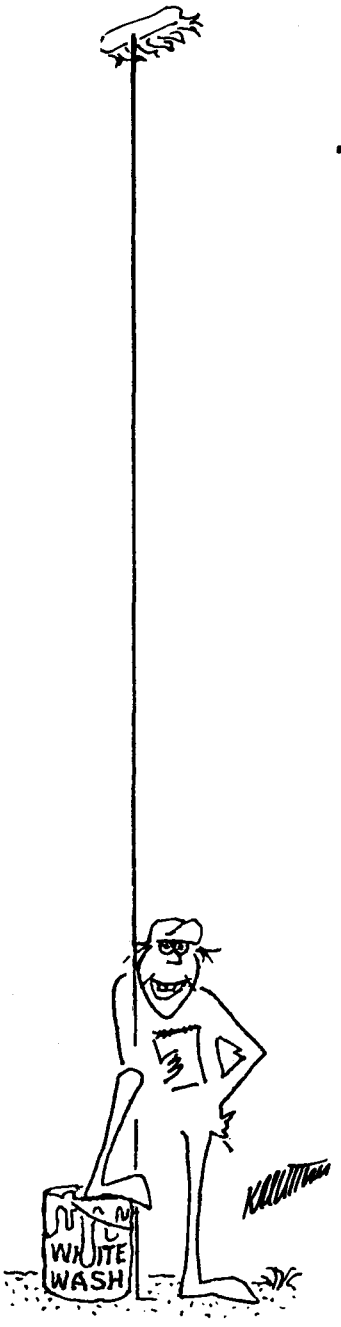
help!!!!

". . . Or, you can use the instant . . ."



"Think of any Sacred Cows in High Places we may have missed?"

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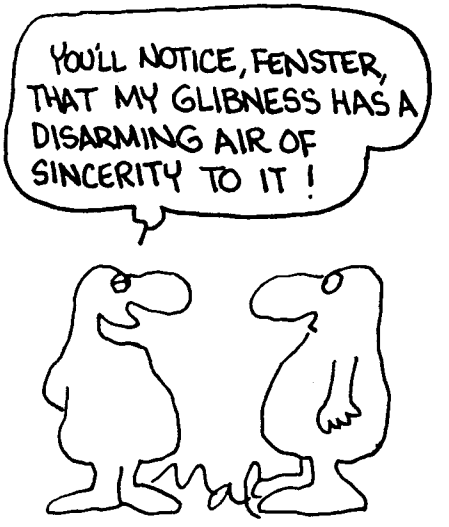
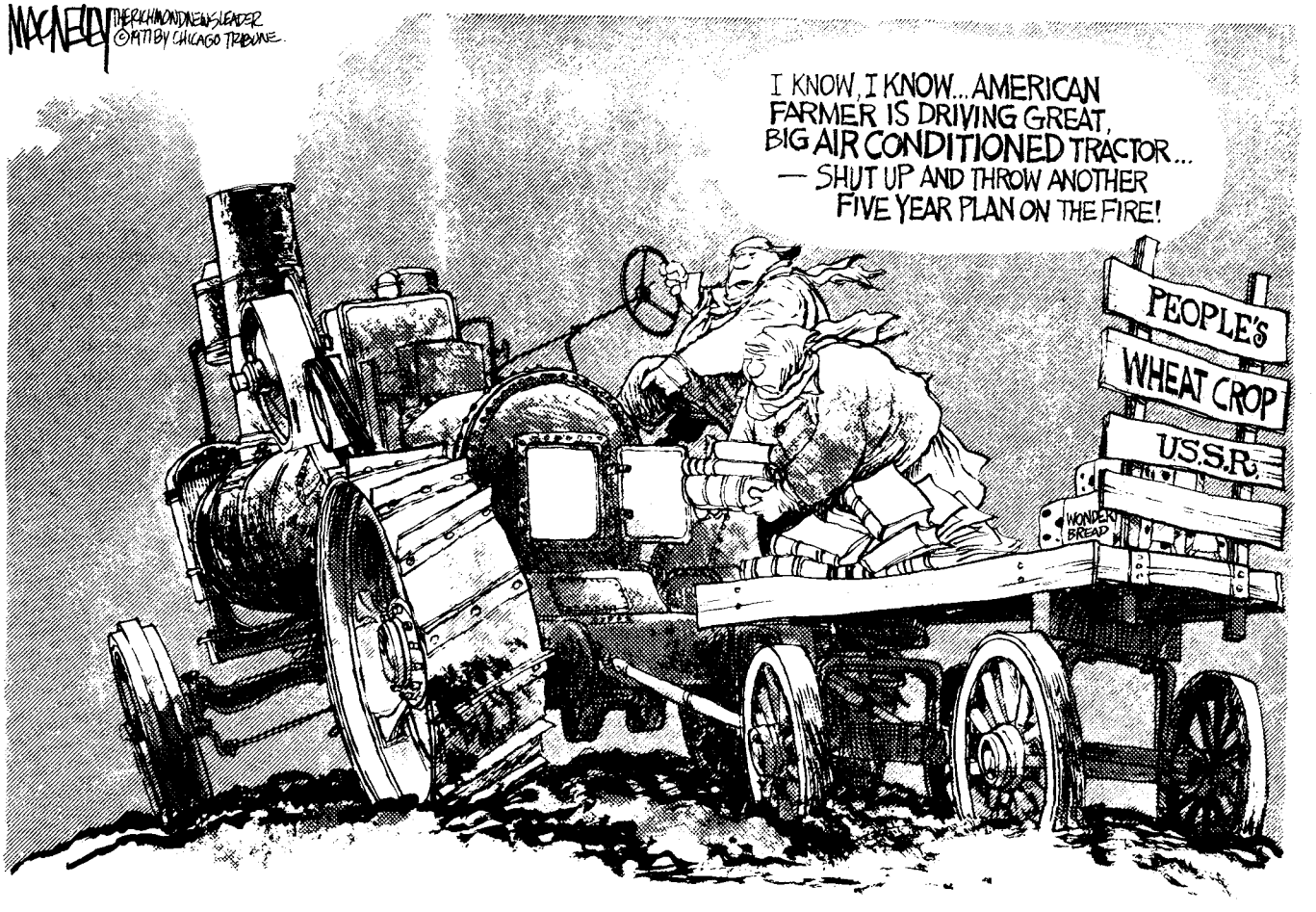
"Philip, we'll be rich beyond our wildest dreams!"

Anyone We Know?

A mugwump is a fellow who,
On party issues, can't be true;
Who, staring at an override,
Will teeter toward the other side—
Then wonder why he isn't hailed
By congressmen he once assailed.
Unless a mugwump gets the word,
He winds up like the dodo bird.

W. H. VON DREELE

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SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY

While it has enriched such areas as economics, sociology, jurisprudence, and historical writing, there remains one spectacular gap in Marxist scholarship: it has failed to enrich Marxism

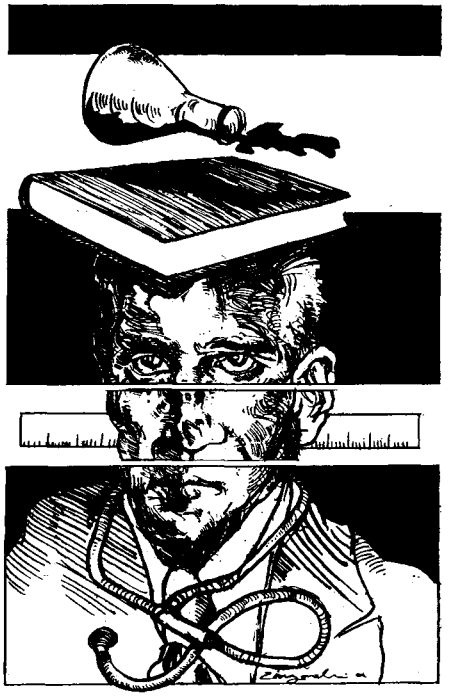
The Failure of Marxist Scholarship

THOMAS MOLNAR

IT WOULD SEEM at first that the Sixtieth Anniversary of the Marxist state, just celebrated, proves the viability of Communism as a regime, and that the continuing existence of a phalanx of Marxist intellectuals outside the Communist state confirms that viability. And yet—in philosophy, in sociology, in science—has Marxism in the past six decades influenced the world of serious scholarship?

Sartre once wrote that Communism, not the two world wars, was the outstanding event of our time. He described Marxist philosophy as an all-embracing master doctrine outside of which "no serious thinking can be done in our age." As if to confirm this view, he called his own Existentialist philosophy a purifying sub-class of Marxism. Can Sartre's view that Marx has been an overwhelming influence on twentieth century scholarship be substantiated?

Marxist thinkers abounded only yesterday, and their company has not so much grown smaller as branched out in various directions: Trotskyism, various revisionisms, Marxism-Leninism, neo-orthodoxy (Louis Althusser); we can assume that Eurocommunism too will soon advertise its own theoreticians. However, with all this, the Communist regimes have not produced a single philosopher of any originality. Furthermore, the Marxist thinkers who have made a name for themselves (some Westerners, others refugees from the East) have done so only *after* terminating their intellectual commitment to Marxism, or at least to its orthodox line. One more factor blurring the picture: while many Western scholars and teachers claim to be "Marxist," in fact they are more attuned to the utopianism of the Zeitgeist than to a serious study and understanding of Marx himself. Since it is evident that the Western thinkers most affected were not the economists, one must conclude that Marx's magnetism was of a metaphysical/religious sort; this conclusion is confirmed by the work of his disciples—Ernst Bloch, Herbert Marcuse, Jean-Paul Sartre, and even Georg Lukacs.



This is not to say that Marxist theory in the Soviet Union has remained altogether sterile, or that it has not influenced many disciplines. Even though the regime has refused to accept such seminal theories as relativity and psychoanalysis (not to mention theories of history and society that are irreconcilable with Marxist doctrine), there are distinguished Soviet physicists, doctors, and mathematicians, some of them Nobel Prize winners.

But this eminence in the exact sciences is not paralleled in the philosophical and humanistic disciplines. In these other branches of knowledge—philosophy, history, sociology, political science—ideology rules supreme. Certainly any original and innovative approach—but often mere honest competence as well—involves risk to oneself and one's family. In other words, the only explorations that are relatively safe are in areas where Marx did not tread, and even here there may be pitfalls.

The influence of non-Soviet Marxism on historical and philosophical thought is, of course, another matter. But here too, it would be hard to find more than a handful of genuine Marxist scholars, although Marxism as a world-view and a system has left a lasting impact on many areas of thought and research. Jurisprudence, sociology, economics, and historical writing have all been enriched by the general Marxist critique. Marx was instrumental (although he cast an undeserved shadow on Saint-Simon) in calling attention to the significance of mass movements, to the role of technology in society's evolution, and, generally, to historical factors other than "macroscopic" events and the clash of ideas. Even if historians like Charles Beard and Le Roi Ladurie, sociologists (here the list is

Mr. Molnar's forthcoming book is Christian Humanism.

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longest) like Vilfredo Pareto, Robert Michels, Thorstein Veblen, Max Weber, and Karl Mannheim, and philosophers like Michel Foucault are not Marxists, their work partakes of a certain analytical approach, a certain style and method, unimaginable without Marx.

From anthropology to literary criticism Marxism has had its impact on the very structure of twentieth century methodology and turn of mind—yet without producing great Marxist scholars. Not only has the Soviet Union not done so, neither has Western Marxism, with the possible exception of Georg Lukacs and Ernst Bloch. And at that, Lukacs had a "nineteenth century literary taste," as a reviewer noted in the *Times Literary Supplement*, and in his old age Bloch turned from Marx back to Hegel.

In sum, the Marxist impact on scholarship is less direct and impressive than one would at first assume. Gustav Wetter's bulky volume on Soviet philosophy turns into a tour de force when dealing with the Lenin-Stalin period (1918-1953) because the author is unable to mention any outstanding person or achievement. Nor could J. M. Bochenski, another prominent historian of the same area, do any better. The West has produced juicy Marxist thought but, again, in proportion as Western Marxists, including the orthodox ones, were free to look at their intellectual commitment from outside. Although they were given to adulatory descriptions of Soviet leaders and Soviet reality, they were able to develop an historical perspective unsullied by Marxist interpretation.

In the early 1920s the party line was *de rigueur* in Western countries too. The diary of the Hungarian Communist writer/sociologist Gyula Illés paints a fascinating picture of young Hungarians in Paris after World War I (students, workers, the sons of peasants, *déclassés* bourgeois), most of them ascetically Communist and eager to make contact with their French comrades. One, George Politzer, became a French CP philosopher—after marrying a rich man's daughter. But the others drifted back to Hungary, or to Russia, Germany, or Spain, and vanished in the bourgeois life or in the Stalinist purges. Illés himself, whose description of Hungarian peasant life in the early years of the century is perhaps the best sociological study I have ever read, owes nothing to Marxian analysis in the writing of that book. He added a vituperative appendix to it after 1945 in which one detects less the impact of Marx than that of the Soviet occupation troops.

Other sociologists—E. H. Carr, Henri Lefebvre, Arnold Hauser, some members of the Frankfurt School—were Marxists during certain periods of their careers. Hauser interpreted art history in view of Marxist sociology; Karl Wittfogel's early work began with Marx's notion of "Oriental despotism," but concluded with an analysis of "hydraulic civilizations," a far cry from its origins, and it was hence played down in the French introduction to his *magnum opus*; Ernst Bloch's Marxism amounts to little more than a borrowing of the master's dialectics (and Bloch also accused Marx of misunderstanding the flow of history); Herbert Marcuse, father of protestors and terrorists, also abandons Marx when he gives up on the working class as revolutionary flagbearers and opts for the marginal elements in society (in other words, for Marx's despised Lumpenproletariat) as carriers of utopian fervor. Students—not the workers, who are tied to the consumer society—will set fire to the amorphous and ubiquitous middle class . . .

It seems, then, that the so-called "Marxist philosophers" of the West employed certain aspects of Marxism for their own ideological purposes, rather than being employed by it. They all may justifiably be accused of revisionism; no wonder that Sartre himself was more of an embarrassment to his Soviet hosts than a useful propagandist. Communist Parties in Russia, China, and Cuba have the apparatus to advertise such Western flattery of their leaders and regimes and to help those flatterers attain prominence in the West; but on the scientific and scholarly plane this has not been enough to alter the West's philosophical orientation. Whatever one may think of Husserl, Wittgenstein, Heidegger, or Jung, their systems have had a far deeper influence on contemporary thought than Marx's—and in many cases a more subtly corrupting one, too.

Now, let us not underestimate Marx's role in the life of this century. No matter what scholarly book I open, the largest number of entries in the index have to do with Marx, pro or con. Marx is sociologist, historian, prophet, philosopher, economist, guru, and god. We meet Marxist students everywhere; the radical folklore owes its inspiration to Marx, not to Bertrand Russell. In most books, college courses, or articles there is, inevitably, a Marxian, proto-Marxian, para- or post-Marxian analysis. But it is most often slogan-like, limited to the repetition of a few dogmatic statements, usually misapplied. Provided he has a minimum of intellectual honesty, the Marx-leaning scholar will be hard put to swallow such Marxist doctrines as that material conditions determine the mind's speculation. Apparatchiks swallow it together with everything else, but Hauser, Djilas, Gramsci, Kolakovski were unable to do so—some canceled their Marxist allegiance. Hauser, now eighty, recently declared that the impact of social forces and the individual thinker is mutual; he even admitted that every society has its ruling stratum. I once heard the Polish Marxist Adam Schaff explain to a meeting of Western philosophers that even Communist societies would never manage to put an end to alienation.

Let us then fix the real nature of Marxist influence in that twilight zone where second-class philosophy, sociology, etc. meet the products of popularized science, political myth, and pseudo-literature

Let us then fix the real nature of Marxist influence (to repeat: not on politics, but on scholarship) in that twilight zone where second-class philosophy, sociology, etc. meet the products of popularized science, political

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The price that the great scholars—and our century—paid for indifference to what Sartre has called the 'master doctrine' was, in some cases, a relative or temporary obscurity, the status of refugee from the limelight

myth, and pseudo-literature. Marxism, with its mixture of utopianism, instant history, and terrible simplification, is the ideal concoction to seduce superficial minds, including those of some scholars. (Only psychoanalysis has had a similar vogue, and for roughly analogous reasons.)

For many intellectuals, there is a great temptation to wander outside their own discipline and to glory in the more immediate warmth (plus the martyr's crown) of Marxism. This infatuation with facile popularity does not necessarily affect their work. To take illustrations from widely differing fields, the French biologist Marcel Prenant and the Belgian mathematician E. Libois were Party members; the German theologian Paul Tillich was a very close sympathizer; however, none of them allowed Marxism to penetrate his scholarship, although each permitted himself the luxury of radical statements. Perhaps this kind of show is the most important factor in the Marxization of our universities and intellectual life: the coming together of, on the one hand, prestigious professors willing to make extracurricular Marxist utterances and, on the other, of masses of semi-educable, intellectually drifting youngsters. It is in such a climate that a Roger Garaudy, in and out of the Communist labyrinth, may become a campus star in America, and that college courses from Heidelberg to San Francisco acquire a Marxist tenor.

The biology of Marcel Prenant, the biochemistry of Linus Pauling, the socio-pedagogy of John Dewey, the philosophy of Jurgen Habermas, and so on are not Marxist, but materialist, relativist, or collectivist. German sociology, for example, is hardly influenced by the Russians today; it is permeated by American behaviorism and other neo-positivistic dogmas. Soviet activities in the human sciences are as primitive as Tsakhotin's theory of the "rape of the crowds" by dictators and bourgeois regimes, as dogmatic as Shishkin's exasperating orthodoxy about "a scientific ethics," or as misguided as the "philosophical" and "psychological" researches into telepathy and extrasensory perception seem to be. In fact, the latter are often disguised reports through which Soviet scientists signal to Western colleagues that psychological, philosophical, and religious studies are officially closed to them. But what these same scientists really think of Soviet sociology, for example, can be read in Igor Shafarevich's recent essay diagnosing "socialism," in theory and in practice, as belonging to decadent, spiritless societies. What they think of economic matters can be read in two recent books: Miklos Harszti's report of exploitation in a tractor factory near Budapest, and the East German Rudolf Bahro's "critique of actually existing socialism."

To conclude: Can the reader name even a handful of genuine, let alone great, *Marxist* scholars whose Marxian reflection permeates the fibers of their approach to their discipline? There are Marxist professors with a political reputation: Ramón Tamames in Spain; the mathématician Lombardo Radice, member of the Italian politburo; and some others. But the Louis Althussers are rare—that is, those whose work is truly inseparable from their Marxist convictions.

The great scholars since 1917 have not been Marxist—although they may have been Hegelian like Benedetto Croce, politically weak-kneed like Maritain, or "reductionist" like Lévi-Strauss. But scholars like Toynbee, Eliade, Voegelin, Ortega, Roepke, those whose erudition is not only precise but also original and mind-enriching, were not touched by the Marxist turbulence. The price that they—and our century—paid for this indifference to what Sartre called the "master doctrine" was, in some cases, a relative or temporary obscurity, the status of refugee from the limelight. But it is only a carefully nurtured impression, not a fact, that Marxist science and scholarship have occupied the center of the stage for the last sixty years. □

With All My Getting

I've college degrees to my name,
To get at the truth is my aim,
And so I read widely with care,
But still I can't fathom, I swear:
The problems of welfare reform;
What is and what isn't the norm;
Why facts we should know are withheld;
How Zbigniew Brzezinski is spelled,
Pronounced, or indeed understood;
What's bad about Carter, what's good;
The tricks politicians will do;
The Arab-Israeli snafu;
Why cops allow looters to loot,
And courts wink at shooters who shoot;
Why quality lags while sheer trash
Comes out making millions in cash;
The prices of oil, gasoline;
The antics of Idi Amin;
How incomes are taxed (what again?);
What happened to "Goodwill toward Men"?

CORINNA MARSH

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OPEN QUESTION

On Mano's 'Jews for Jesus': An Exchange

I BECAME A FAN of Bill Buckley many years ago, when I read *God and Man at Yale*. I still remember with delight his discussion of the sociology professor (I think it was) who had declared that he would take transubstantiation seriously when the chemists discovered traces of hemoglobin in the sacramental wine. That was a liberal Establishment, Protestant "in" joke that Bill properly found as tasteless and as vulgar as it was theologically and philosophically irrelevant.

In part because of this, I wondered at the publication of Keith Mano's "Jews for Jesus" article in the September 30 *NR*. His remarks about his "Orthodox Jewess" girlfriend struck me as the kind of humor that is uproarious, after several drinks, in a Gentiles-only country club. The fact that I believe that country clubs should be allowed to exclude Jews—or Gentiles—in no way mitigates the fact that I find these remarks as tasteless and as vulgar as Bill found—and persuaded me to find—those about transubstantiation.

I wonder if it occurred to Mano that the "outlandish laws and sub-laws" observed by his girlfriend were substantially the same as those kept throughout their lives by Joseph, Mary, and Jesus? "What do you do," asks Mano, "with a God who would order death (Numbers 15:35) for the abominable sin of gathering sticks on Saturday?" But the Bible says nothing, indeed it could have said nothing, about "Saturday," which bears the name of the pagan god Saturn. It speaks instead of "the sabbath." And the sabbath is holy because God rested on that day, after having made the world and everything in it, and having seen that it was good. Christians honor God for having given His only begotten son to redeem the world from sin. By observing the sabbath, Jews honor God for His original uncorrupted creation. Had there been no such creation, there would have been no world for which Jesus could have been Savior. There is no difference in principle between Jewish and Christian piety. It is the goodness of the creation which is the basis of both.

Mano thinks that "gathering sticks" is a trivial offense. But it is not the gathering of the sticks, but the violation of the sabbath, that the laws of Moses treat as such a serious offense. These laws were given to a people wandering in the wilderness, after their miraculous escape from Egypt. The Egyptians had honored other gods than God, and so did all the other peoples with whom the Jews did or might have come into contact. The observance of the sabbath was central to their consciousness of themselves as a people, a people apart from those who knew not God. To violate the sabbath deliberately was to reject the One who had commanded its observance; by implication it meant rejecting all His commandments. Certainly it was an act of sedition—as in the case of the golden calf—if not of treason, and punishable as such offenses always are.

Patronizing Christianity

Mano asks what one should "do" with such a God. It might be good to explain to him that one does not "do" *anything* with God, and that the appropriate question is quite the reverse. The asking of this question, like the asking of the one about the hemoglobin in the sacramental wine, is of course intended to provoke sniggers in the classroom. But surely there are enough journals around that welcome blasphemy of all sorts without adding NATIONAL REVIEW to their number.

Mano writes that "there is no significant precept in the NT that twentieth century men, with some self-restraint, can't honor." How patronizing to Christianity! It would be interesting to know by what twentieth century revelation he judges the New Testament to be acceptable, and by what criteria he distinguishes its significant from its insignificant precepts. I would also like to know how he goes about honoring the precept against adultery, in the light of Jesus' saying that whoever looks upon a woman lustfully has already committed adultery with her in his heart. If he has mastered that one, perhaps he would explain his technique to Jimmy Carter, who seems to have had some difficulty with it. The only ones I know who seem not to have had difficulty with it are Anita Bryant's non-friends.

'World without Jews'

Mano then concludes that "Being Jewish and devout must be a hard thing." I doubt that any pious Christian would concede that the advantage of his faith over that of the Jews lay in its being easier. Those who take seriously doctrines concerning God and the immortal destiny of the soul are not likely to place convenience before truth. In any event, I read in the *Nicomachean Ethics* that "noble things are hard, and the nobler, harder." Nothing is likelier to prove harder in our time than the preservation of Western civilization, a civilization which has its roots in Greek rationalism and Biblical revelation. Modern rationalism attempts, not to transcend the tension between them, but to descend below it. Modern conservatism—to which I thought NATIONAL REVIEW was dedicated—attempts to restore a sense of tradition, by its respect for that tradition which incorporates our roots. And there is no tradition which goes deeper—or so deep—as that which goes back to "the beginning."

Marx—like Hitler—looked forward above all to "a world without Jews," a world in which the Bible would be forgotten, even as an antiquarian's hobby. Mr. Mano would apparently keep the Bible, and the Jews, with us for some time—as a joke. —HARRY V. JAFFA

Ah me. I expected something of this sort. Though not from Harry Jaffa. It's a scar-tissue sensitive subject. One had better not discuss Jews or Judaism except in the most positive terms. I made that mistake: consciously and, I

(Continues on page 1448)

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Counterattack

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

THERE ARE NO lost causes, says T. S. Eliot, because there are no gained causes. The cause of Christian schools in this land is not yet lost, and they have gained considerable victories at law recently; but their enemies persist and remain powerful.

First for some victories. By federal courts in Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, the National Labor Relations Board has been told not to meddle with Catholic schools. As I recounted earlier (*NR*, April 15), the teachers' union had persuaded the NLRB to order Catholic schools to submit to the NLRB's authority and allow elections for collective bargaining among their teachers. Now, chiefly through the learned pleading of Mr. William Ball—the Harrisburg man of law who has won case after case in questions of church and state—church-conducted schools are exempted from NLRB interference, under the first clause of the First Amendment and other provisions of the Constitution. The teachers' unions and the NLRB may persist in carrying these cases all the way to Washington, but they have been powerfully rebuked thus far.

The Second Front

For all that, Christian schools are being assaulted on a new front. In Kentucky, the State Department of Education is strenuously endeavoring to suppress evangelical schools—some fifty of them, with some five thousand pupils—belonging to the Kentucky Association of Christian Schools. This godly work was commenced by having public-school officials send letters to parents of children enrolled in Christian schools, threatening them with state prosecution for not having their offspring properly educated. The Christian schools engaged as their counsel at law—you guessed it—the redoubtable Mr. William Ball.

Mr. Ball having won the case of the Wisconsin Amish before the Supreme Court of the United States a few years ago, and having obtained from the Supreme Court of Ohio, more recently, a unanimous decision in favor of Christian schools in Ohio, it seems curious that Kentucky's Department of Education would proceed so imprudently and ferociously against Christian schools (chiefly fundamentalist Baptist). But possibly Kentucky's state educationists don't read newspapers, let alone formal court decisions; perhaps they can't.

Anyway, one Bob W. Brown, chairman of the Kentucky State Board of Education, is hot against the Christian schools. "The teachers are not qualified, the facilities are inadequate, they don't use books on the state list," he declares. "They teach that everything in the Bible is literally true from Genesis all the way through." He accuses the Christian teachers of asking little pupils such questions as "Who makes the birds and who feeds the birds?" The correct answer, in Christian schools, is "God." This infuriates Mr. Brown—who, strange to relate, himself is a Southern Baptist minister.

The Reverend Chairman Bob W. Brown demands that Christian schools in Kentucky use only state-approved textbooks, employ only state-certified teachers, and teach only the curriculum approved by the State of Kentucky. Otherwise, if he has his way, Christian parents will be prosecuted and Christian schools shut down. Were the Christian schools to comply with this ultimatum (delivered on June 15), they had just as well close their doors anyway; for the state-approved curriculum would not include instruction in Christian doctrine. Incidentally, were the State Board to succeed in the courts, some forty pastors would be prosecuted, along with the parents of the pupils, for contributing to the delinquency of minors. A kid is delinquent, you know, if he believes that God made the birds; and nobody approves of juvenile delinquency. As for the pastors, only a felon could believe literally in the authority of Scripture . . . Here we have the Scopes Trial in reverse.

It is worth noting that, in standard tests, pupils in the Christian schools of Kentucky stand one and a half to two years in advance of pupils in Kentucky's public schools. What one deduces from this hard fact is that Chairman Brown and his colleagues desire for the Christian pupils not a good schooling, but a conformist schooling.

A temporary restraining order from a state circuit court has impeded the Kentucky Board of Education in this high aspiration. In his brief for the parent and pastor plaintiffs, Mr. Ball has brought six counts against the state educationists of Kentucky, appealing both to the "due process" clause of the 14th Amendment and the "free exercise" clause of the First Amendment, in addition to provisions of the constitution of Kentucky. As a paragraph of Count IV declares, "The Parent Plaintiffs will be forced to undergo and be stigmatized by prosecution, and subject to possible fines and imprisonment, on account of exercising their right to provide their children with a religious education in schools which comport with their conscientious choice."

Worse and Worst Times

Now, I do not think that worse will come to worst in Kentucky. The plaintiffs and Mr. Ball have very powerful precedents on their side, and presumably either the state courts or the federal courts will chasten Chairman Brown and his minions. But meanwhile the parents of children in hard-pressed little schools (most of those parents people of slender means), and the pastors of little rural churches, will be compelled to find the money to defend themselves at law against educationist officialdom. Chairman Brown and Company do not have to worry about money coming out of *their* pockets: they have access to public funds for harassing the obscure and humble.

"Fundamentalism" is not by law established in these United States. But neither is the "Evolutionism" of Chairman Brown. What these state educationists seem to desire is the establishment of an exclusive civil religion in all schools—their own peculiar civil religion. But that is forbidden by the first clause of the First Amendment; and I suspect that Chairman Brown, to his chagrin, will be told just that by certain judges. □

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The Church And Israel

AMONG THE CHANGES in the teaching of Christian doctrine that have taken place during the last decade, the most revolutionary concerns the attitude of Christians toward Jews. Not so long ago, it was taken as axiomatic that Christians not only should witness to their religion, but should preach it. To convert non-Christians, Jews and others, was taken as the command of Jesus when he said: "Go! Preach to all nations." Indeed, Jews have often been special targets of Christian proselytism. Christians used to feel that Jews above all others should believe in Jesus, seeing that Jesus—according to Christian belief—was the expected Messiah of the Old Testament.

Now this outlook has been replaced. A quite explicit expression of the new view is contained in the official statement put out this year by the prestigious Liaison Committee, which is composed of representatives of the Roman Catholic Church and the International Jewish Committee for Interreligious Consultations (IJCIC). Rome-based Professor Tommaso Federici read a paper to the Committee in which he explained the change.

The first key concept of the new attitude is that Israel plays a prominent and fundamental role in the salvation of the world. God, Federici states, once made a covenant with the Jewish people, a covenant which can never be abrogated. Because of this, the Jewish people have a role separate from the role of the Christian Church. They have a permanent place in God's plan for the world, a function only they can discharge. Now, Federici concludes, no Christian may interfere with that role by making Jews the object of conversion attempts. To change their Jewishness would be to destroy their value in God's eyes.

The second key concept concerns the Church. Fundamentally, as Federici puts it, the mission which God gave the Church is "to live in faithfulness to God and to men," and to practice "service without distinction of persons." Any preaching, any evangelization the Church does must be self-directed: its "preaching, catechesis, and pastoral activity" is to be directed at its own members exclusively, not at Jews, nor indeed at any other non-Christians. And this applies not only to Christians vis-à-vis non-Christians, but to Christian churches vis-à-vis each other: no church may attempt to convert members of another church to its way of thinking.

Because Jews have a special position, Christians owe them two special duties. Christians must first of all study the Jewish people, "exploring in depth the spirit, the existence, the history, and the mission of Israel, her survival in history, her election and call, and her privileges." Second, Christians must listen to what Jews have to say. "In being ready to be taught and in being willing to learn in a spirit of gratitude," Christians must be able "to listen to Jews who want to talk about themselves and their vision of reality."

Deliver Israel . . .

This teaching has one extremely practical application: to the State of Israel. The overwhelming consensus of the approximately 15 million Jews in the world today is that the State of Israel is essential to the existence and the destiny of Jewry. According to the new view, then, Christians, because of their special obligations toward the Jewish people, have a special duty to see that nothing interferes with the continued well-being of Israel.

According to Federici, it is the Jewish sense of this special Christian duty which makes Jews continually remind Christians about their past guilt in this matter and their present obligation to support Israel. Many in sympathy with the new view would assert that this is why the Vatican should recognize the State of Israel. That would, of course, involve the Vatican in a political stance as regards the Palestinian people, as it has already involved those other Christian denominations that have "declared for Israel." But, then, political stances are not new to the Vatican.

We can find other practical applications which generate further problems. Should all Christian churches cease to send men and women to Asia, Africa, and Latin America to convert the natives of those lands? Should all efforts by American churches within the U.S.A. to evangelize those of different churches stop, each church as it now is remaining within its present confines? Or is it, perhaps, only the Jewish people who must not be the object of conversion attempts by Christians?

And for Our Salvation

There are, of course, larger issues of theological doctrine involved here. There is the salvation Christians say Jesus won for all men, and the need of Baptism in the name of Jesus for entry into the Kingdom of Heaven. Obviously, Christians may go on believing that Jesus' sacrifice and Baptism are necessary for their own salvation. They can even believe that both are necessary for the Jewish people. In Federici's view, however, they cannot preach this at Jews or about Jews.

In Federici's view, they should not preach it to anyone, or even think in this way. But then problems arise for Christian belief which neither Federici nor any of the Liaison Committee seem to have considered. One principal difficulty Christians may have is that Federici says nothing about duties of Jews to Christians. Are there any? Should Jews be as diligent in studying Christian history and belief as he would have Christians be about studying Judaism? Or is there a special privilege for the Jewish people in this matter also?

The Federici paper and the attitude of the Liaison Committee have not yet evoked official reactions from the various churches. However, they will soon have to recognize that this new view is another aspect of the profound change we see in every sector of our lives today. □

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Gazing into Jade

Dynasty
By Robert S. Elegant
McGraw-Hill, 625 pp., $10.95

ARAM BAKSHIAN JR.

Reflecting on the Oriental's fascination with jade, the Japanese author Tanizaki Junichiro wrote, "We cannot ourselves describe what it is we see in this stone. It has neither the brightness of a ruby or emerald, nor the glitter of a diamond. Yet this much we can say: gazing at that shadowy surface, we think how Chinese it is. In its cloudiness we seem to see the accumulated sediment of the long Chinese past; we realize how fitting it is that the Chinese should admire its surface and shadow."

Never quite translucent, never quite opaque, jade is as much a puzzle as a fascination. Studying Chinese history is indeed like gazing into jade; there are forms, there are patterns, and the whole fabric is made from a basic native substance. But the substance varies in purity and character from era to era, and the forms are more often phantasmagoric than concrete. In order to bring them into focus, the writer—especially the writer of instant China analysis or popular fiction—usually exaggerates, oversimplifies, or simply reshapes China to fit current Western prejudices.

ROBERT ELEGANT is one of the few honorable exceptions to the flock of Peking Quacks who handle the journalistic and academic end of Sinology and the fast-buck novelists who have followed in the wake of their namesake, Pearl. Scholar, foreign correspondent, prolific author, and occasional contributor to these pages (see his "Eternal China, Eternal Conspiracies" in *NR*'s October 14, 1977 issue), Mr. Elegant is a walking encyclopedia of China's past and present, and, unlike most avid collectors of facts, he has also managed to penetrate the hard factual surface and see into the collective and individual Chinese character.

Having analyzed China in hundreds of articles and six volumes of nonfiction, Mr. Elegant has here turned his hand to the historical novel form; he ties together seven crucial decades of modern Chinese history (1900-1970) by viewing them through the eyes of the Sekloongs, a wealthy Eurasian merchant family whose scattered members participate in everything from the relief of Boxer-held Peking, through Mao's Long March, the bombardment of Quemoy, and the mad rampages of the Red Guards, to the crucial 1971 turning-point in Sino-American relations.

It takes a fairly large and tangled family tree to cover so many events—often from two or more vantage points—and the detailed genealogical chart which the publisher furnishes on *Dynasty*'s end-papers is more than ornamental. It alone contains over fifty characters and this is only the beginning, with hundreds of non-family fictional personalities and a large, generally more interesting supporting cast of historical figures including the Empress Dowager, Sun Yat-sen, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, Chairman Mao, Chou En-lai, Lin Piao, Liu Shao-ch'i, and the current Chinese kingpin, Teng Hsiao-ping, all credibly drawn and plausibly woven into the plot. A lot of history and a lot of intriguing educated guesses about the underlying causes of seventy years of Chinese turmoil are balanced by a fictional family saga that makes the Forsytes seem like small-town Babbitts by comparison.

Unfortunately, the very qualities that make a historical novel interesting reading (and sound history) often detract from its purely literary merits. There are usually more one-dimensional characters than real character-studies, and the unlikely realities of history are often harder to swallow than the smooth plot inventions and perfectly contrived character interaction of accomplished pure fiction. *Dynasty* is no exception to the rule. But the book's fictive and stylistic inadequacies are more than compensated for by Mr. Elegant's descriptive gifts, especially when it comes to matters Chinese, be they commercial, political, or martial. Hong Kong during the great plague of 1909 or the typhoon of 1971, the convulsed mainland from the Fall of the Manchus to the repeated

Aram Bakshian Jr. *is a Contributing Editor to* Washington *magazine.* . . . **Miles Copeland** *is the author of* Beyond Cloak and Dagger, *about the CIA.* . . . **Benjamin Stein**'*s novel,* The Brink, *was published last fall.*

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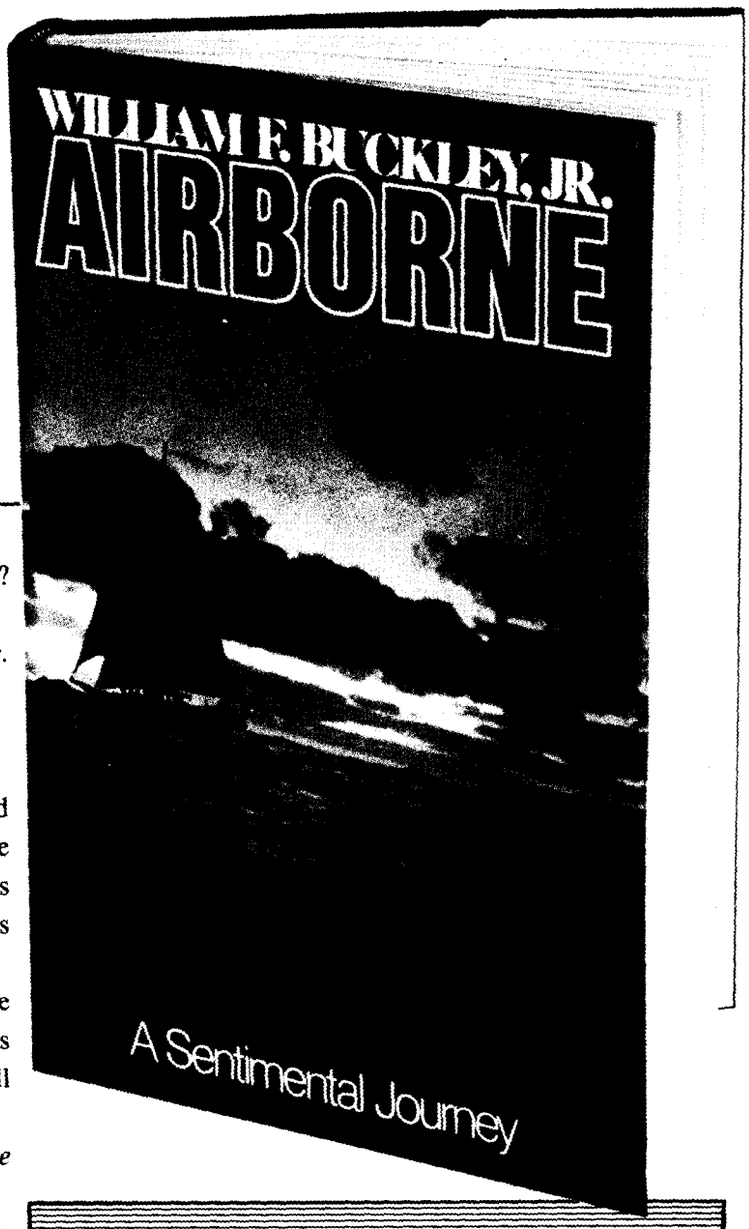

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upheavals under Mao, and the day-to-day life of the Chinese people—rich and poor, urban and rural—all spring to life.

Even Mr. Elegant's descriptions of Chinese cuisine are so authoritative and enticing that late one night, after reading a particularly appetizing passage about a 36-course Mandarin banquet, I found myself frantically pilfering the family freezer in quest of some frozen Taiwanese prawns, water chestnuts, and bamboo shoots which, when combined with a little Occidental cabbage, cayenne, garlic, peanut oil, ginger, and just the right splash of soy sauce, sufficed to get me through the rest of the book before dawn.

On the whole, Mr. Elegant's sex scenes are not quite as toothsome. Although the heroine takes an initial inventory of her charms on page 19 ("Perspiration dripped between her full breasts, trickling down to tremble on the secret tendrils of hair . . .") she doesn't put them to any practical use for another 61 pages—and then the description is pretty much pop fiction *pro forma*. A quirky incestuous note or two occur later but, in fairness, though they seem gratuitous at the time, they prove pivotal to the plot's dénouement.

As with any lengthy story set in an authentic historical setting, some errors of fact are bound to crop up. In the case of *Dynasty*, they are surprisingly few and minor. At a 1900 ball in Hong Kong, the musicians strike up "Little Buttercup," which the author tags as being from "Gilbert and Sullivan's latest light opera." Actually, *HMS Pinafore*, the work in question, was their first full-length success and had premiered 22 years earlier. A few pages later, a minor character turns up at a wedding wearing the "skin-tight regimentals" of the Coldstream Guards, although the Guards Brigade had stopped wearing tight uniforms a generation before. And, for what it's worth, the White Russian doorman at the sleazy Shanghai nightclub on page 293 was an infantry—not cavalry—officer if his old Czarist unit was the Preobrazhensky Guard.

On the fictional side there are a few unavoidably soap-operatic moments in *Dynasty*, as when the founding father of the capitalist branch of the family, Sir Jonathan Sekloong, expires at 97 and his last concubine (a hefty beauty purchased during his last South Pacific cruise) is "rooted by shock for a full minute. Then the Tahitian dirge for a great chieftain welled from her throat."

But this is critical small beer indeed when compared to the powerful overall sweep of Mr. Elegant's narrative, and the basic soundness of all of his historical portraits and most of his fictitious creations. Particularly fascinating among the latter is Mary Sekloong, the daughter of a turn-of-the-century English regimental bandmaster stationed in Hong Kong. After marrying into the Sekloong family as an unwanted outsider, Mary slowly and painfully evolves into the matriarch of the clan, gradually coming to understand and accept China and the Chinese, and finally becoming, herself, a remarkable fusion of the two cultures. It is in dealing with this theme of confrontation between China and the Occident that Mr. Elegant excels.

The author's grasp of the contending moral and political principles of the period he covers is also impressive. Unlike most journalists, whose disgust at the financial corruption of the old Mainland Nationalists blinded them to the absolute moral corruption of the Chinese Communists, Mr. Elegant sees through to the deeper truth. When an American newsman in wartime Chungking tells Mary Sekloong that he admires the Communists because they are not corrupt she replies, "Not pecuniarily. But doesn't the ruthless pursuit of power, for whatever end, however benevolent, also corrupt? . . . They are determined to create a heaven on earth a Marxist heaven, when merely mitigating this hell on earth would be a great achievement. The only thing worse than a cynical, self-serving Chinese is a Chinese dedicated to a noble, impossible goal. Like my acquaintance Chou En-lai, he's twice as ruthless and cruel as the cynic."

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST NOVEMBER TITLES: Paul E. Sigmund argues in *The Overthrow of Allende and the Politics of Chile, 1964-1976* (University of Pittsburgh, $14.95) that Allende's incompetence as an economic reformer, not the machinations of the CIA, brought on the revolution that toppled him. . . . *Walter Hines Page: The Southerner as American, 1855-1918* (University of North Carolina, $15.95), by John Milton Cooper Jr., is a biography of the mildly interesting fellow who was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, a founder of Doubleday, and—under Woodrow Wilson, of whom he was an early supporter—Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. . . . In *Just and Unjust Wars: A Moral Argument with Historical Illustrations* (Basic, $15), Michael Walzer appears to have stacked the deck of his Preface, where he writes: "I refer more often to contemporary philosophers and theologians (and soldiers and statesmen), for my main concern is not with the making of the moral world but with its present character." . . . Robert Peel has finished the final volume of his biography of the mother of Christian Science: *Mary Baker Eddy: The Years of Authority* (Holt, $16.95).

■ SOME DECEMBER TITLES: Larry Woiwode, one of the finest young novelists writing in America today (he is the author of *What I'm Going to Do, I Think*, and *Beyond the Bedroom Wall*), is publishing his first volume of poetry. It is called *Even Tide* (Farrar, $7.95). . . . In *Decade of Decisions: American Policy toward the Arab-Israeli Conflict, 1967-1976* (University of California, $14.95), William B. Quandt, who joined the National Security Council this year, claims that, as far as its Mideast policy is concerned, the U.S. Government has "seemed to lurch from one crisis to the next, improvising responses." . . . Nora Levin, in her *While Messiah Tarried: Jewish Socialist Movements, 1871-1917* (Schocken, $15.95), describes the progress of the American Jewish labor movement, the Russian Jewish labor Bund, and social Zionism in Russia and Palestine. . . . *Gods and Beasts: The Nazis and the Occult* (T. Y. Crowell, $8.95) presents an account of the peculiar societies devoted to astrology, mythology, and Theosophy that flourished in Germany for many years prior to World War II and which Hitler suppressed once he came to power, even though his Nazi movement drew heavily on many of their delusions and he himself may have been a member of the Thule Society.

■ COMING IN JANUARY: Klaus Mehnert's *Twilight of the Young: The Radical Movements of the 1960s and Their Legacy* (Holt, $12.95) is a sympathetic treatment of the people and ideas he discusses. He is, it seems, very sorry for the young radicals to whom the affluent world they inhabit is, unfortunately for them, composed of "unknown lands."

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All too true—and not just among Chinese. The great tragedy of modern history has been that so many of our strongest, most able leaders have been just such fanatically determined individuals. With the best of intentions and the most dreadful of results, they try to force everyone into the mold of their rigid personal *Weltanschauung*. Few men, and fewer societies, survive that operation whole or healthy, and, precisely because the experiment fails, the megalomaniac in charge keeps on repeating it (witness Mao's initial purges, Great Leap Forward, and Cultural Revolution) until he is overthrown or dies. Seldom has this point been better made in a work of popular fiction than in *Dynasty*.

Two of Mr. Elegant's smaller touches particularly amused this reviewer. The first was the injection, as the fourth husband of one of the Sekloong heiresses, of one "Avram Barakian," an oil and shipping magnate described by the author as "the Enigmatic Armenian." I only wish that my bank account resembled Avram Barakian's as much as my name. And then there is the delightfully ironic throwaway line Mr. Elegant gives to Lin Piao during a climactic confrontation with the United States. There is just one way to deal with the Yankee dogs, Chairman Mao's superhawk explains: "The Occidental Mind understands only one thing—force."

Now where, and about whom, have we heard that one before? □

The Silmarillion
By J. R. R. Tolkien
Houghton Mifflin, 365 pp., $10.95

KICKING THE HOBBIT

RICHARD BROOKHISER

J. R. R. Tolkien was, to all appearances, a normal Oxford don. He wore rumpled suits and smoked a pipe; hated French cooking and the Industrial Revolution; loved philology and English literature (up to Chaucer); and even had, in the best donnish tradition, an eccentricity—a private universe named Middle-earth ("*our* world . . . in a purely imaginary period of antiquity"), with whose languages and histories he tinkered, off and on, for 56 years. All of which might have gone unremarked had he not one day scrawled on the back of a dull exam, "In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit." This chance sentence grew into a bedtime story for his children; the bedtime story found its way into Middle-earth; and the result—two decades and half a million words later—was *The Lord of the Rings*.

The Silmarillion (begun in 1917, but never quite completed—this edition is posthumous, assembled by Tolkien's son Christopher) deals with the same universe; it recounts the creation and early history of Middle-earth, and sets the stage for much of *The Lord of the Rings*' action. But there the resemblance ends; and some reviewers (and, I suspect, not a few readers) are feeling cheated. *The New Republic* sourly

compared *The Silmarillion* to the Godzilla epics: "All the characters are 37 feet tall and live for a million years."

There is some basis for the carping. Unlike *The Lord of the Rings*, *The Silmarillion* is not one story, but a collection of tales. Before he died, Tolkien experimented with various framing devices, but never chose one; and so the book as we have it reads rather like a chronicle. Tolkien's gift for naming is still unsurpassed; but because none of *The Silmarillion*'s characters speak a language like English, there is little for a layman to measure it against: crafted sonorities float in a linguistic void. And then there's style. Tolkien's workaday prose is unexceptionable; and his excursions into loftier modes can be brilliant, or at least harmless. But, all too often, the Tolkien high style comes out like this:

> "Faithless is he that says farewell when the road darkens," said Gimli.
>
> "Maybe," said Elrond, "but let him not vow to walk in the dark, who has not seen the nightfall."
>
> "Yet sworn word may strengthen quaking heart," said Gimli.
>
> "Or break it," said Elrond.

There are writers who could have pulled that off, even in the Pound Era: Lord Dunsany, perhaps, or Eric Eddison. But Tolkien had neither the melancholy delicacy of the one, nor the rugged vigor of the other; and *The Silmarillion* is written entirely in his own wan substitute.

But I suspect the real reason for the disappointment is quite simple: *The Silmarillion* has no hobbits.

HOBBITS, THE conventional wisdom ran, were what made *The Lord of the Rings* tick. Oh, people cheered Gandalf, and Ents were kind of neat; but what really set the critical juices running were the four-foot-high denizens of the Shire. And hobbits, so the c.w. continued, were wonderful because they were *un*heroic—a realist fifth column at the core of Tolkien's reactionary claptrap. Hobbits got cold and tired, they despaired and looked after their bodies, they were naïve and skeptical in the presence of the mighty—they were everything, in short, that our jaded sophisticates secretly think of themselves as being. The sophisticates responded enthusiastically; and so missed the point—for, however engaging the hobbits are, the focus of Tolkien's interest is not on them, but on the moral situations they confront. Here is where earth and Middle-earth intersect. Incidentals differ—their slave camps lack gas jets, for instance; but the coordinates of moral navigation remain the same: faith, treachery; fortitude, cowardice; humility, pride.

The Silmarillion poses these choices to higher orders of beings, yet (37 feet tall or not) they fare no better than hobbits or men. Morgoth, who brings evil to Middle-earth, was originally a god; Sauron, an angelic being he seduced to his service. Fëanor the Elf fashions the Silmarils, the three jewels which become the wonder of paradise. Yet when Morgoth steals them, Fëanor rejects the counsel of the gods, and leads an army of Elves to Middle-earth to win them back. He pays for

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his presumption with his life, and the Elves are crushed.

All this takes time, and there are gaps and bulges in the narrative; but an overarching sense of decline holds the work together. Everything is plotted on a long curve of loss. *The Lord of the Rings*, too, had a dying fall, but this was partly balanced by the sweeping expansion of its canvas—from a yokel's birthday party to a war for the world. *The Silmarillion* is equally plastic, but in the opposite direction—from God Almighty, down to wars, always diminishing. The wicked never triumph, for, as a Christian, Tolkien denied the positive existence of evil. Evil is a negation, a corruption, doomed ever to wither and burn itself out. But the losses it causes are real; and Tolkien was too much a lover of earth (Middle, or otherwise) not to be grieved by them. "Here ends the SILMARILLION," he concludes, in the best prose in the book. "If it has passed from the high and the beautiful to darkness and ruin, that was of old the fate of Arda Marred; and if any change shall come and the Marring be amended, Manwë and Varda may know, but they have not revealed it, and it is not declared in the dooms of Mandos."

To the extent that he illustrated these truths most successfully with hobbits, the don was a child of his times. Another Catholic writer, also a child of his times, stocked Hell with fellow Florentines. But neither forgot that their times were not all. *The Silmarillion* is a worthy prequel to *The Lord of the Rings*, and no discredit to the man who devoted so much time to it. □

True Confessions
By John Gregory Dunne
Dutton, 336 pp., $9.95

L.A. LACE

BENJAMIN STEIN

A woman has been found murdered in a rundown section of Los Angeles. She has been neatly cut in half and left in a vacant lot; the press seizes upon the murder of "The Virgin Tramp" by a "Werewolf Killer." Beginning with the police, all Irish-Americans, who work on the girl's case, John Dunne weaves a story of the entire Irish-American community in Los Angeles for a few weeks in 1946. It is a story of layer upon complex interconnected layer of venality, corruption, taint, and animal energy seen through the eyes of two of the men intimately involved in the crime and the evils that ripple from it.

The two men are brothers. One is a rapidly rising, ambitious Machiavelli of a Monsignor, bucking for Cardinal. Desmond Spellacy, the Right Reverend Monsignor, would have been perfectly at home with the Borgias. He sees every step of the diocesan chess game three moves ahead. He knows where the power is, and he knows what he wants. Tom Spellacy, his slightly older brother, is a Lieutenant of Detectives, LAPD. He took the police route as the alternative to a life as a fourth-rate prizefighter. "The rap on me was that I could hit," he says. "I just didn't like to get hit back." To his brother's life of order and planning, Tom Spellacy's life is a counterpoint of disordered anger and resentment. His wife is in a mental hospital having breakfast with non-existent saints; his daughter, grossly overweight ("a human Hershey bar"), has become a nun and does not speak to him; his son is likewise incommunicado in the Army. He lives mostly with his mistress in a one-room apartment with a Murphy bed and a mattress that sags in the middle.

And yet there are links between the schemer and the slob. Both men are unhappy and frustrated. Desmond Monsignor Spellacy "lives out his death," his ambition making him ever more a machine and less a feeling being. Tom Spellacy is mired in the corruption of taking bribes to keep whorehouses open, and he is furious that the man who runs the girls and gives the bribes is honored as Catholic Layman of the Year while he is shunted permanently into low-level police work.

As the investigation of the girl's death proceeds, the reader enters a bizarre world of graft, bribery, scheming, murder, extortion, and torture which gradually moves closer and closer to the world of building societies, Holy Name Societies, Knights of Malta, Days of Obligation, apostolic delegates, and diocesan chancellors. Thus the little Irish-American world revealed in *True Confessions* is the real heart of the book. For while there is a complex and relentless plot, the plot is the vehicle to illustrate a world where human beings struggle and scheme and work to keep themselves one step ahead of their own venality, striving, unsuccessfully, for some kind of grace.

BORN AND BRED devout Catholics, even if they have fallen away, Dunne's people are angry that the world and they are so imperfect. The only successful person in the book is the Cardinal, who has somehow made his peace with the tainted world. That peace will come to Tom and Des Spellacy, too, as they finally let out enough anger to wreck their careers and to send them both into thirty years of searching for a way to reconcile ambition, shame, reality, and salvation.

John Dunne has undergone a fascinating metamorphosis as a writer. In his first book, *Delano*, Dunne wrote about César Chavez and his struggle with the growers in the San Joaquin Valley. He committed the daring act of recognizing that there was something to the farmers' position. His next nonfiction piece, *The Studio*, chronicled a year in the life of the top people at Twentieth Century–Fox. Again Dunne went out on a limb, insisting that these people, while bizarre, are members of the human family. His *Vegas: Memoir of a Dark Season* cruised through the late-night world of Las Vegas and showed that Dunne's ear for humorous speech and eye for the telling situation could survive in the desert and bring back a witty tale full of compassion for the ladies of the night, the pit bosses, the strong-arm men.

And now, in *True Confessions*, he has reached a brilliant level of literary craftsmanship. His use of ethnic dialect, his ear for the ridiculous and the revealing, yield many treasures. And his gift for recreating the poetry of certain conversational moments gives the book a lyric, elegiac quality as it laments a vanished time, the postwar world when even a lower-middle-class cop could feel some small security in his status.

Dunne has gracefully laid the mantle of humanity over all his characters. There is none so horrible that Dunne does not see in him the possibility of redemption. And this is no small thing in the detective genre wherein *True*

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Confessions at least partly lies. It is the first bloom of detective theology and a fine flower. □

Self-Rescue
By John Cantwell Kiley
McGraw-Hill, 224 pp., $7.95

A DEPLORABLE TREASURE

M. J. SOBRAN JR.

Reader, I owe you a confession. The author, Jack Kiley, alias Johannes Eff, is an old and dear friend of mine. So is the author of the introduction. As for Jack, he is a philosopher with whom I can hardly spend ten minutes without getting into a jovially violent argument. This review takes the argument into the public arena. I enjoyed the book hugely, and I will keep and treasure it—though I also deplore it.

Bill Buckley wouldn't go that far, but his introduction takes issue with the book's apparent pantheism. "The existence of everything is included in the divine existence," Kiley writes. "This means that absolutely everything is God." Buckley praises the book's "practical wisdom"—it is, after all, a self-help book—but argues that pantheism is "a shrinking up into the ego," and counsels the reader to prescind the advice from the doctrine. Unfortunately, that is easier said than done.

Kiley writes beautifully. He vividly imagines and creates scenes of spiritual torment and weakness: grief, remorse, worry, the temptations of drink and suicide, and more. He just as vividly depicts the despair and self-loathing of yielding. And indeed much of his advice is shrewd and profound. Basically it is this: Don't let your thoughts get ahead of you—or behind you. The future and the past are equally outside your power. Live in "the *now*," fortifying yourself by concentrating on the immediacies of the moment. Most of us are unhappy to the extent we are temporary hedonists, assuring ourselves that though we postpone our reformation, we will do better—later. "Lord, make me chaste—but not yet."

People need to be reminded more often than informed, as Dr. Johnson says; and *Self-Rescue* is an excellent reminder, because it says old things in fresh words. Its psychological acuity is both unflinching and merciful, consoling you and making you blush at the same time: the author is frankly intimate with sin, and there is no gainsaying his portrait of self-deceiving strategies. One reads with a kind of rueful gratitude.

Yet there is something gnawingly unsatisfactory about the book's approach. It lies deeper than the doctrine of pantheism, though it is related to it. I sense this flaw most sharply in the early chapter on grief, which urges on us a sense of "the ultimately benign nature of the cosmic drama in which all beings are involved. The great, holy personages of the world religions assure us that what on the human plane is experienced as a loss or tragedy is really not so at all, but only seems so, and that everything will turn out right in the end." It is one thing to say that God brings good out of evil: that is the miracle of redemption, completing the miracle of creation. But it is quite another to say that evil is "really" an illusion. Does Christianity deny the reality of evil? Can it do so without denying redemption—or even creation?

"Self-rescue" is contrasted with "an outside rescue that may never come." The self, Kiley says, is "its own best and most devoted ally." He speaks of "wholeness and self-fulfillment" and "the autonomy of the person," and of how the techniques of self-rescue can make you "safe, secure, and at peace within." Here he is at his weakest, and furthest from the sources of his own eloquence. What have "self-fulfillment" and "autonomy" to say to the man of Gethsemane and Calvary? This is not the language of wisdom, but the cant of self-help manuals. Suffering and death and loss and grief are *real*. To some extent it is laudable to soften them, to learn to handle them; but not by emptying them of meaning. We may acknowledge that they are part of a design that we can't see; but does it help to pretend that we *can* see it?

Kiley says: "The one big mistake is waiting to have your rescue carried out for you. By your wife or husband, by

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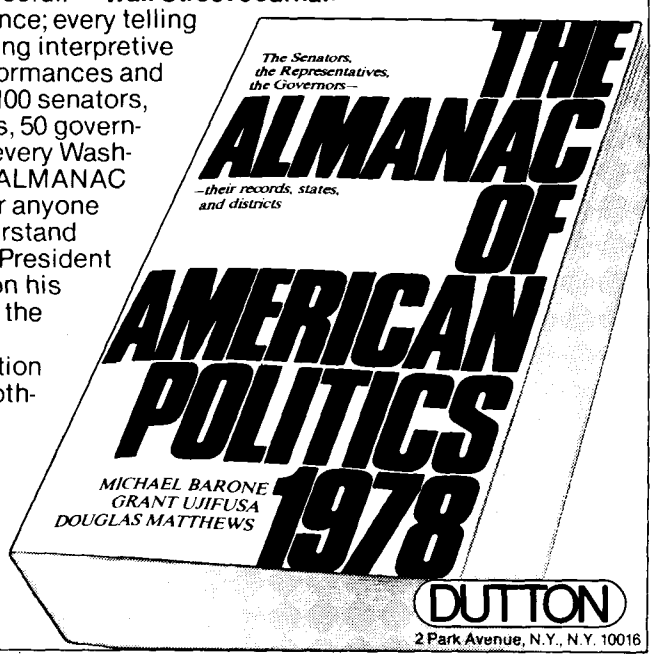

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your parents, friends, or clergyman, by your lawyer, accountant, analyst, psychiatrist, or guru, by anyone. They are not here now. When you need them most, now, they are out to lunch. Not only that, but some of them are very expensive. The irony is they can't or won't help you anyway. Except in various superficial ways."

Surely it is shallow to equate the superficiality of professional help with the solace that loyalty provides. The "autonomy" of the self is never feebler than when someone you love has died, because at such a time the real self—the self that lives in others too—has been cut in half like a worm. Losing a child is not even comparable to losing a fortune; not in degree, not in kind. We describe such things in terms of mutilation, like losing limbs, because to lose someone close is to be deprived less of an object than of part of one's own subjectivity. How to say it? The love of others is not universal, in the sense of inclusive: there are a few people in our lives whose perceptions and hopes and laughter are woven into our own, in whose company we ourselves are larger and more nearly complete than when alone or among strangers. If we are part of a "cosmic" self, it is only insofar as our smaller social units are incorporated in it. We can't bypass "the little platoon," least of all when it has been shocked by the deaths of its members. To put it still another way, denying the reality of death means denying the reality of society and of others. We live, not selflessly, but—unless we are solipsists or brutes—in more extensive and complex selves than such doctrines as empiricism (or for that matter Buddhism) can conceive. The only (partial) cure for the deaths of dear others is the love of still *other* others, not that "shrinking up into the ego" of which Buckley warns. Let us grieve wisely, if we can; but first let us grieve. That is our duty, because it is our nature. The short cut is really a dead end. You can't merge with the universe by cutting away the living social tissue you belong to.

There is something wonderfully, quixotically lovable about a book that begins as a self-help manual and winds up wrestling with angels—angels whose existence it either denies or (perhaps) finds irrelevant to self-help. Its techniques are sturdy and sound, when applied to those areas in which we make life harder than necessary for ourselves. But then one goes further, into its strangely fatalistic metaphysics; and one remembers that the voyage of the *Pequod* began as an ordinary commercial venture. □

The Arms Bazaar: From Lebanon to Lockheed
By Anthony Sampson
Viking, 352 pp., $12.95

A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG

MILES COPELAND

Those folks over at the State Department who wrestle with the problems of foreign aid, and who know that they are not so simple as they look, used to say of *The Ugly American* that if the author had only reversed the good guys and the bad guys the book would make a lot of sense. The same may be said of all the books on the multinationals which have come out more recently. The books of Anthony Sampson are no exception. They differ from the others only in being competently written and honest. Unlike the other purveyors of misinformation, the so-called "investigative journalists," at least Sampson *believes* what he says.

Let us take a look at his latest, *The Arms Bazaar*, which "blows the lid off of the armaments industry," as one of its advertisements says. It tells us of the good old days of Alfred Nobel, Alfred Krupp, William Armstrong, Hiram Maxim, Basil Zaharoff, and the other "merchants of death" who made their colorful ways about Europe selling weapons to whoever would buy, while easing their consciences with such justifications as, "Armaments manufacture makes jobs," and the argument that they are only deterrents, not actually to be used. Then there are Gunther Leinhauser, Colonel Hubert Julian ("the Black Eagle of Harlem"), Colonel Pantchoulidzew, and others one would like to see pulled together by Richard Condon for one of his black comedies. Fascinating stuff, beautifully written.

But then Mr. Sampson gets into the specifics of the recent "scandals" which caused some head-rolling among major aircraft manufacturers. I, for one, am suddenly reminded of what Martha Mitchell said about a certain national news magazine: "It's very good on subjects you don't know about, but not so good on ones you do." So long as Sampson's book is back in the last century, where I have had no first-hand experience, he keeps me enthralled. But when he touches on matters with which I have had some personal association I see that he doesn't know what he is talking about. The world which his investigations have opened to him is as far removed from reality as is the CIA of Senator Church's investigations from the real thing out in Langley.

Take, for example, his account of Britain's sale to Saudi Arabia of $154 million worth of Lightning fighters and missiles. Sampson says that the sale came about only because the American government agreed to it so as to give the British enough dollars to buy American F-111s. "The Saudis were only the pawns in the Western currency game," he says. The fact is that this deal was consummated only after days of careful negotiations in which all three governments participated, and after painful efforts to find alternatives had failed. The mess of problems before the governments was far more complicated than Mr. Sampson could imagine, involving not only the intricate business of "stabilizing the military balance in the Middle East" but the jumble of political tensions surrounding it. Such matters are beyond the reach of "investigative journalism"—especially since what officials confide to reporters about them is necessarily misleading.

THE SAME may be said of Mr. Sampson's notion that poor countries spend more for arms than for food mainly because high-pressure salesmen convince their leaders that they must "balance" the arms already bought by their neighbors, and then convince their own governments that "if we don't sell them someone else will." The fact is that few, if any, arms sales originate with the companies. The idea of furnishing more military equipment to, say, Egypt will arise from highly secret diplomatic discussions covering not only Arab-Israeli tensions but, much more important, tensions between Arab countries and in Egypt itself. *Then* the arms are brought

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in. Although they often do not themselves realize it, pressures from the arms salesmen are usually irrelevant.

This is true even when there are bribes—*especially* when there are bribes and other forms of payoffs. Once the whole story about Lockheed is known it will be seen that Carl Kotchian, the Lockheed president who got fired for (supposedly) corrupting a lot of Japanese, simply walked down the path a certain government agency paved for him. My own inquiries have revealed that Mr. Kotchian is a first-rate business executive who, like most of his kind, shares Mr. Sampson's naïveté. He bumbled into Japan and asked, "How does a fellow go about getting a contract around here?"—then did as he was advised. Even now, judging by some of his recent statements, he doesn't know what hit him.

And one other thing: After a visit to Lockheed's headquarters in Burbank, California, in the course of which I uncovered disgraceful incidents where Mr. Kotchian had lost sales to foreign competitors because he had been overly squeamish, I stopped off in Detroit to ask the chairman of a major automobile manufacturer what he would have done had his president behaved similarly. "I'd have fired the sonofabitch," he said. □

THE MOVIES

DOUBLE WHAMMY

JOHN SIMON

Looking for Mr. Goodbar is the sort of clever trashy novel out of which a talented director could have made a better than average movie. Needless to say, a good script would also have been required. Unfortunately, Judith Rossner's book got a poor scriptwriter as well as a crass director—both in the person of Richard Brooks—a double whammy no work could survive. What the film could have taken over from the novel and developed further is the quiet sordidness of a grey, petty-bourgeois, sin- and sickness-haunted childhood falling prey, as it grows into womanhood, to megalopolitan amorality. Everything would have had to be kept low-keyed: Theresa, the limping, unbeautiful, freckle-faced redhead, moving from an oppressive home life into an unliberating liberation; the singles bars that had not yet gone disco and offered only booze and the promise of one-night stands; and, somewhere in the background, Theresa's daytime existence as a dutiful schoolmarm.

Brooks was not content to mine this minor vein. Instead of an acridly detailed New York, he creates, by conflating various towns, an Unreal City under the brown fog of William Fraker's moody cinematography. Instead of a run-of-the-mill Catholic upbringing and parents who just did not pay much heed to Theresa, he comes up with a fanatic father and a dithering mother; above all, the girl herself has to be made much less damaged in body and considerably prettier, thus removing the principal sources of her insecurity.

Whereas the novel begins honestly at the end, and then proceeds to examine what led up to its heroine's slaying, Brooks, with extraordinary shallowness, wants a thriller: since even people who haven't read the book know that this girl gets killed, let us at least make a guessing game out of which one of her outlandish men will do her in. Let, therefore, even a perfectly nice lawyer be turned into a voyeuristic, presumably impotent, social-worker. Then, too, Brooks dawdles over Theresa's teaching deaf children and turns her into some kind of saintly miracle worker. The split between decent teacher and sexual drifter is not enough for him; for the sake of a sermon on the evil effects of liberation, we must get Miss Jekyll and Ms. Hyde.

YET EVEN that apparent intention remains unclear in this thoroughly muddled and lurid movie, concluding with a gimmicked-up murder that is obviously meant to out-*Psycho Psycho*, to which end the weapon is changed from a skull-crashing lamp to a repeatedly stabbing knife. What is certain is that the movie lacks even the superficial social curiosity of the novel, and that casting the achingly adorable or psychically slatternly (depending on your evaluation of the Woody Allen Woman) Diane Keaton as Terry is an instant edulcoration of the character. Though Keaton gives her best performance to date (which is not saying all

"...black body radiation... and the black-box theory...and now I'm up to Black Holes!"

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that much), she does revert to Woody's neurotically giggly virgin-whore during the film's rather embarrassing sex scenes. And we never sense Theresa's dismal compulsion, and must assume that this basically winsome girl is merely on a somewhat overextended lark.

The film is manipulative and, finally, exploitative; in short, ugly. Richard Gere contributes a convincing bit as Terry's most showily unbalanced swain; the other actors don't get enough of a chance, or are handed parts that beg to be oversimplified. Brooks proves inept even on the basic technical level: wishing, for example, to ape better filmmakers, who are able to slip fantasy sequences into the proceedings so subtly that we realize only gradually what they are, he manages to drop in such sequences so clumsily that we remain confused all the way. He is so careless, moreover, as not even to include in the film the dive named Mr. Goodbar, which gives the work its facilely ambiguous, heavily symbolic title.

His greatest omission, however, is life—the little incidents and details that make a film, aside from whatever else it is, real. Take the moment in the novel when Terry, wanting and fearing to be deflowered, watches her beloved professor and "the water that he was pouring into the top of the glass thing . . . dripping down to the bottom as coffee." Such grains of actuality are missing from the movie. In an interview, Brooks said that "the point of the story . . . is that it could have happened on any day . . . and to any of a number of other people." Maybe so, but you do not start from a generalization; you start with specifics, with the personal and intimate. If this is well enough imagined and felt, you can trust it to become universal by itself.

EVEN MORE PORTENTOUS a piece of speciousness is *Equus*, Peter Shaffer's adaptation of his highly though undeservedly successful play. This is the story of a disturbed stableboy with a masochistic cult of a self-created horse-god, Equus, and how the boy gets sexual satisfaction from rubbing naked against horses (always stallions!) until, failing in an attempt at intercourse with a girl in the stable, he stabs out the eyes of six surrounding horses in a rage of shame. Placed in the care of Dr. Dysart, a provincial psychiatrist married to a frigid Scottish woman dentist—a man, by the way, whose unfulfilled sexual yearnings are fixated on statues of Greek gods (not, it seems, goddesses)—the boy is cured with ridiculous ease, while Dysart mourns having had to change such a wonderfully passionate youth into an ordinary, "normal" human being for whom horses are something to bet on.

This profound play, which had Broadway audiences giving nightly ovations—sometimes even standing ones—to Dysart's speech in defense of the boy's impassioned aberration, can be read in two ways: either as a thinly veiled paean to pederasty (for a detailed analysis, see my article in *The Hudson Review*, Spring 1975), or as a warning against marrying female Scottish dentists. On stage, at least, in John Dexter's dazzlingly stylized production, the play had the superficies of theater; in Sidney Lumet's mostly but inconsistently naturalistic movie version, literal-mindedness lends added repugnancy and preposterousness. Still, movie audiences likewise cheer Dysart's grand sophistic tirade extolling the boy's right to stand "in the dark for an hour, sucking the sweat off his god's hairy cheek."

The worst thing about *Equus* is that viewers, softened up by Richard Burton's ultratheatrical monologues, for which Lumet has been unable to find a cinematic format (probably no one could), may think that such solemnity is a powerful argument for individualism and nonconformity, what with the boy's proper father being shown up as a fraud, and his mother as a self-righteously speechifying parent. Sanity, clearly, is nothing but an ignoble compromise with the mundane.

Burton acts his part with the called-for metapsychiatric *Weltschmerz*, and Peter Firth recreates his role as the boy with the kind of loutishness considered nowadays an earnest of youthful purity and authenticity. Some excellent actors are wasted on stilted supporting parts, and Oswald Morris, the fine veteran British cameraman, supplies enough chiaroscuro for an entire exhibition of Mannerist painting. □

DELECTATIONS

CHRISTMAS THERAPY

NIKA HAZELTON

Christmas is coming. As usual, I suggest a little light baking: therapeutic for the baker, not expensive, and relished by the recipient—what more can one ask? And there is a splendid new book by Maida Heatter, called *The Book of Great Cookies*, a truthful title indeed. It is published by Knopf and priced at $10. Just to give you an idea of the wonderful, wonderful nibbles, you'll find six variations on the classic brownie, Plain Old-Fashioned Sugar Cookies, Austrian Walnut Crescents, Fudge Délices (buttery shells filled with baked-in chocolate), macaroons, marzipan bars, rum-raisin shortbread, The Farmer's Wife Pecan Cookies, and Santa Fe Chocolate Wafers. The recipes are extremely clear, as you will see from the example below. And in a special section, she gives a number of professional baking tricks—for more than ten years, she baked all the desserts, cakes, and cookies for her Miami restaurant.

For sheer beauty, her cookie book is matched only by her *Book of Great Desserts* (Knopf, $10), which came out in 1974. Both books make super presents for oneself and others. (Remember, you owe it to your nerves to soothe them in this graceful and even altruistic way.)

While the cookies are baking, a reward for your virtue is in order. Experience has taught me that it is best to reward one's virtue oneself since others tend to be lethargic about it. A drink and an amusing book both do very well.

The drink is a new sherry from California, not as totally dry as some Spanish sherries, but very dry, light gold in color, fragrant, and with a satisfying nutty flavor. This is Cresta Blanca's Palomino Flor Sherry, and it costs a pleasant $3 or so: a good buy in California sherries.

The book is *The Fireside Book of Wine* (Simon and Schuster, $12.95), an anthology on vinous matters of every kind selected and edited by Alexis Bespaloff. The gentleman is a true expert who's worked in the trade, has written

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other books (among them the excellent *Signet Book of Wine*), and has shown wisdom and wit in compiling this one. The material is fresh and unexpected; it is organized into chapters such as: Knaves and Rascals: Fake Wines; Too Much Wine; Water *v.* Wine; Classic Wines; Winemanship; Hosts and Guests. Quoted authors include Benjamin Franklin, Baudelaire, Homer, Evelyn Waugh, Lawrence Durrell, and Stephen Potter, the master of Oneupmanship. The book also contains the truly chilling story "Taste" by Roald Dahl, and one of my favorite poems—the one by Arthur Hugh Clough that begins:

As I sat in the café I said to myself,
They may talk as they please about
what they call pelf . . .

A lovely book to have by one's bedside, and a great present.

MAIDA HEATTER'S
GIANT GINGER COOKIES

Yield: 28 extra-large cookies

4¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
3 teaspoons baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons cinnamon
2 teaspoons ginger
1 teaspoon powdered cloves
1 teaspoon mustard powder
½ pound (2 sticks) butter
1 tablespoon instant coffee
1 cup granulated sugar
1 cup molasses
1 extra-large or jumbo egg
¾ cup milk
6¼ ounces (1¼ cups) currants

Adjust two racks to divide the oven into thirds and preheat to 350°. Cut aluminum foil to fit cookie sheets.

Sift together the flour, baking soda, salt, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and mustard and set aside. In the large bowl of an electric mixer, cream the butter. Add the instant coffee and beat well. Then beat in the sugar. Add the molasses and beat until smooth. Add the egg and beat well; the mixture will look curdled (it's OK). On low speed add the sifted dry ingredients in three additions alternately with the milk in two additions, scraping and beating only until smooth after each addition. Stir in the currants.

Use a heaping tablespoonful of the dough for each cookie, keeping them round and even, and place the cookies 2½ to 3 inches apart on the foil. Slide cookie sheets under the foil.

Bake for 20 to 22 minutes, reversing the sheets top to bottom and front to back a few times to ensure even baking. If the bottoms of the cookies seem to be turning too dark, raise the rack, or slide an extra cookie sheet under the lower one. If you bake only one sheet at a time use the higher rack. Bake until the tops of the cookies spring back sharply when lightly pressed.

Slide the foil off the sheet. With a wide metal spatula transfer the cookies to racks to cool. Because these are such large cookies they will form steam as they cool and the steam will make the bottoms moist. To prevent that, raise the cooling racks by placing them on a right-side-up cake pan or a bowl.

NOTE: If the currants are not soft and fresh, they should be softened before starting with the rest of the recipe. Cover the currants with boiling water, let stand for a few minutes, drain them in a strainer, and then spread them out on several layers of paper towels and pat the top with paper towel. Let the currants stand on the paper until you are ready for them. □

The GIMLET EYE

SAY AAAAHRRRRGH

D. KEITH MANO

I want to hemorrhage all over them. It's the least I can do. Or flash a blue urine sample. One should rehearse entertaining symptoms. These are testy, severe, pretentious men: doctors *audition* you. I stammer; I apologize; I rush my lines. And I can always guess what, tap-tap, they're thinking: "Look at him, call *that* a patient? Eight years of medical school and this is what I have to put up with: some schlemiel who'll never manage more than a low-grade infection." The doctor's office is part of Gulag: my BA degree, my passport, my Christian name have been revoked. I am a man from the underground. Somehow my pants won't stay up; I have to grab the beltline. (Of course, it was lots worse in England under National Health. One doctor simply gave me the quick thumb. "Look, chap," he said, "I'm

overworked and underpaid and don't you ever come in here with such a bloody trivial throat inflammation again." Next day both my eardrums broke and I was 80 per cent deaf for seven weeks. When people tell me about the virtues of socialized medicine, I answer, "Eh, what was that again?") There is a cheap, habit-forming arrogance in doctors: the arrogance of men who breed small animals for their fur. It's us or them, baby.

You don't believe? For laughs, some day, pick up a medical magazine: aaaaah, the irritation with and the fat condescension toward patients. Medical practice, you sense, would be so pleasant without all those damned sick people. I have several magazines here: let's listen to the November 15, 1975 issue of *Patient Care*. Six doctors are having a round-table on acute and chronic diarrhea. I give you three or four best-bedside-manner quotations.

DOCTOR A: . . . take the pediatrician's approach and say, "It's something that's 'going around.'" It is reassuring to know others have the same problem.

DOCTOR B: Many of these patients are "anally oriented." They spend a lot of time in the bathroom, and they're concerned about the kind—as well as the quantity—of stool. Often they're uptight people. . . . It's not unusual for these patients to "doctor shop"—go from one physician to another. (Terrible thing, doctor shopping. And usually a waste of time: you end up falling between two stools.)

DOCTOR C: Tell him what he wants to know: he has "something." He's probably been told elsewhere—by implication if not in words—that he has nothing wrong with him. (Can't get referral kickbacks for "nothing.")

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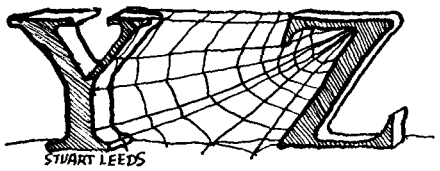
DOCTOR D: (You'll love Doctor D.) Sometimes I tell a patient who calls me about diarrhea of two to three days' duration, "If it doesn't go away, come in for proctoscopy in several days." This often has a therapeutic effect. (I bet. It'd scare the you-know-what out of—no, *into*—me. I can hear Doctors A through F laughing at that one.)

AND THE DRUG MANUFACTURERS are right there: arse-kissing old Marcus Welby. It's enough to depress more than your tongue. Take this advertising lead in *Patient Care*: WHEN SHE MAKES YOUR OFFICE A MERRY-GO-ROUND OF PHANTOM COMPLAINTS. "You know the type. She's got a new symptom every visit. And there's never any physiological basis. When you see the chronic 'complainer,' it may be a good time to consider a diagnosis of depression . . . and an Rx for Adapin." Hell, with patients like that, how can anyone think about his 9-iron shot? Shove her a trank or two: and your bill. Not that the Rx is necessarily useful. WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY CAN MAKE. "Your counsel and reassurance—and Ritalin. A logical first step in treating mild depression . . .*" That asterisk refers to the following footnote: "This drug has been evaluated as 'possibly' effective for mild depression." Great "logical first step," Ritalin. Yet the Doyle, Dane, Bernbach-style big print will say, RITALIN. ACTS QUICKLY TO RELIEVE SYMPTOMS IN MILD DEPRESSION. Possibly quickly.

As with any drug, *naturellement*, there can be adverse reactions. For Ritalin: "Nervousness and insomnia are the most common . . . other reactions include: hypersensitivity (including skin rash, urticaria, fever, arthralgia, exfoliative dermatitis . . .); anorexia; nausea; dizziness; palpitation; headache; . . . blood pressure and pulse changes, both up and down; tachycardia; angina; cardiac arrhythmia; abdominal pain . . ." On and on. Each of the above would act quickly to relieve mild depression: by making it severe depression. And that most common contra-indication, "patients known to be hypersensitive to the drug." Known? How? After taking a drug, I presume. Like, if your patient drops dead of Ritalin, immediately cancel the prescription. I recall Oscar Levant's famous line: "Well, I've found the ultimate drug. It has nothing but side-effects."

Best of all: the ad for Atromid-S. NO SYMPTOMS. NO SIGNS. NO COM-



PLAINTS. YET HE WAS PUT ON LIPID-LOWERING THERAPY. It's Dad. Photos of the sort you see in a Pepsi-generation commercial: lipid-lowered Dad fishing with son, building sand castles, feeding sea-gulls. Maudlin enough to make Norman Rockwell go out and strangle a cat. ATROMID-S. TO HELP REDUCE ELEVATED LEVELS OF CHOLESTEROL AND/OR TRIGLYCERIDES WHEN DIET ALONE ISN'T ENOUGH. Feel secure: with Atromid-S, the implication is, you'll have years and years of seagull feeding ahead. But what's that in fine print? "An Important Note: It has not been established whether the drug-induced lowering of serum cholesterol or lipid levels has a detrimental, beneficial, or no effect on the morbidity or mortality due to atherosclerosis or coronary heart disease." In straight English, you may *increase* your susceptibility to heart attack by lowering cholesterol. Or, a regimen of Atromid-S may just help the druggist buy snow tires this winter.

To quote Doctor E re a certain gastrointestinal complaint: "Tincture of time probably works best . . ." My cholesterol rating outhit Rod Carew by more than a few percentage points last year. I used to worry. Now I take Tincture of Time. There are no unnatural side-effects. It can be bought across-the-counter. Also on Wednesday. And you don't have to put up with the patronizing, elitist airs of some medical bureaucrat. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

MY MIND ON TRIAL, *by Eugen Loebl (Harcourt, Brace, 235 pp., $8.95).* "When the plane passed I no longer heard the voice. I wondered if I had actually heard it, if it was real. I did not want it to be real." Burdened with prose that drones on like that page after page, together with the usual psychoanalytic ruminations of a self-absorbed intellectual, Eugen Loebl's account of his arrest and interrogation behind the freshly erected Iron Curtain still escapes dullness: circumstances such as his would triumph over the most inept narrator. An economist and Czechoslovakia's deputy minister of foreign trade, Loebl was arrested in 1949 and, during the course of a lengthy period of solitary confinement and interrogation, "confessed"—one admission at a time—to having been a Titoist agent, a Zionist, a bourgeois nationalist, and a spy for the "Anglo-American imperialists." (The real reason for his arrest was the irritation he had caused the Soviets by advocating that Czechoslovakia trade with the West, although being Jewish didn't help.) Of the 14 defendants in that show trial, only he and two others were not executed; he left Czechoslovakia in 1968 and now teaches in the United States. No longer a Communist, Loebl still has a maddeningly tenacious grip on the ideological mode of thought; he is the creator of something called "humanomics," intended as "an intellectual tool that could be instrumental in creating a humane orientation for our economy and for society as a whole." Forever beguiled by the sour apples on the tree of knowledge, Loebl dispels any notion one might have had that a political trial and imprisonment in the late Stalinist years would enforce clarity of vision.

GEORGE BITTLINGMAYER

ALL QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT: *The Death of South Vietnam, edited by Anthony T. Bouscaren (Devin-Adair, 164 pp., paper, $5.95).* Recently John Roche artfully skewered Allard Lowenstein who, distressed that some people were raising the embarrassing question of human rights in Vietnam, suggested in effect that we drop that subject as "divisive." Should our indignation—Roche wondered—be reserved with neat selectivity for South Africa or Latin America? Never mind that Indochina today is "an abattoir" . . . Unfortunately, though, Lowenstein is hardly the only American eager to avoid unwelcome truths about Vietnam of the kind emphasized in the volume under review. But the truth about that unhappy land should not be suppressed. The authors of this excellent symposium underscore the role of American aid cutbacks in fatally weakening our much-maligned Vietnamese allies and finally costing them their freedom. Trapped now in the iron grip of a pitiless Communist totalitarianism, they lack even the meager consolation of Western sympathy. For their tormentors are Marxists and not Latin military men: hence they do not qualify as bona fide "victims" by the criteria of American liberalism. However, their plight is powerfully and sympathetically related here by 14 distinguished authors, including Ambassador Graham Martin, General William Westmoreland, the brothers Buckley, and Drew Middleton. Their hard-hitting Vietnam post-mortem will provide a much-needed balance to the nauseatingly slanted literature available on the subject.

MICHAEL CONNORS

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

EVANS' LAW OF Inadequate Paranoia, evolved through years of brooding on official folly, reads as follows: However bad you think it is, it's always worse.

Videlicet, the Social Security program, subject of a previous essay in this space [July 8] and also of a recent "Lawmakers" column [Oct. 28]. In these discussions, I passed the word that Social Security was in pathetic shape, replete with googoo-level deficits and a resulting need for further mammoth taxes to pay the bills. These comments, it develops, didn't tell the half of it: the long-term deficit is considerably bigger than the $2-trillion to $7-trillion shortfall to which I have naïvely been referring.

The problem is that government agents are reluctant to tell us how serious the matter is, so we have to do detective work to find the proper information. Extremely valuable in this respect is Rita Ricardo Campbell's *Social Security: Promise and Reality* (Hoover Institution, Stanford, California 94305; $14.95). As a professional economist specializing in such topics, and a one-time member of the Advisory Council on Social Security, Dr. Campbell has encyclopedic knowledge of her subject, which she deploys here to admirable effect. Mixing excerpts from official documents with her own analysis, she suggests the long-term deficit is appreciably bigger than the most somber of reported estimates.

The author rehearses data which show the long-term imbalance (prior to recent congressional revisions) to be approximately 8 per cent of taxable payrolls over 75 years, which translates in constant dollars to something like $17 trillion. This incredible deficit is compounded roughly half and half from double-indexing of benefits to inflation (now on its way to correction in the Congress) and a continued decline in birth rates that is steadily shrinking the ratio of workers to recipients (so far impervious to congressional improvement). Dr. Campbell's point is that even *these* calculations understate the problem, because the official actuaries assume a long-range fertility rate of 2.1 per cent, way above the present rate and probably above the future rate as well.

A briefer study of the Social Security mess and contending proposals for its solution is provided by Rudolph G. Penner of the American Enterprise Institute in *Social Security Financing Proposals* (AEI, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $2). Though intended chiefly as a rundown on pending measures of reform, this is also an excellent brief conspectus of the general problem and the demographic trends that brought it into being. The study provides a lucid discussion of the so-called Hsiao proposal, which would index future benefits solely to prices rather than wages, and thus bring the system nearly into balance (maybe).

WITH THESE TWO private studies for guidance, the interested reader may also wish to obtain a couple of official documents on the subject. *Financing Social Security: Issues for the Short and Long Term*, published by the Congressional Budget Office (Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402; $2.30), is a highly useful factual discussion of the short- and long-range deficits, comparing various suggested approaches for getting the accounts in balance. In addition, its careful study of future fertility and mortality rates makes it plain that Dr. Campbell's concerns about such matters are very properly grounded. Likewise useful, and most authoritative, is the *1977 Annual Report of the Board of Trustees* of the Social Security System (U.S. Government Printing Office; free). Here are set forth the official tables, plus explanatory text, showing the awesome deficits of the future. Both reports are fairly technical but, with Campbell and Penner leading the way, should be comprehensible. They brought my paranoia up to date, and they can do the same for yours. □

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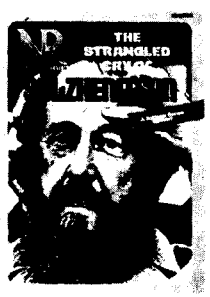
Now, because of the intense interest in Solzhenitsyn generated by his recent appearances, we are making this vitally-important speech, ("The Strangled Cry of Solzhenitsyn",) available in reprint form for just 50¢ per copy (we pay postage and handling). You'll probably never have a better chance than this to make sure you and all the people you know (friends, relatives, students, etc.) become fully aware of the astounding message this latter-day prophet brings us. Use the coupon below to order your copies now.



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HEARD

(Continued from page 1427)

When mentioning the ultimate threat to the existence and well-being of his establishment, his attitude was exemplary, like that of a great saint contemplating persecution. About war with the capitalist West he said, "Our attitude on this question is the same as our attitude toward any disturbance: first, we are against it; second, we are not afraid of it." He then went on to point out the gains Communism achieved out of the two World Wars.

It is clear, then, that Maoist Marxism is not only a religion, but a healthy, thriving religion, at least as we find it in 1957 when "Correct Handling" was published; and all subsequent evidence reinforces this impression. Because of the very nature of religious enterprises among human beings, this one, considering its strength and the immense number of adherents it can claim, is no negligible force. Mao said little about the nature of continued "foreign mission" efforts, but the familiar ring of a term like "Han chauvinism" ought to give us pause.

What this will mean historically is hard to say. What it might mean personally to any Christian depends on a set of issues on which Mao did not speak. For Marxism has no personal God, and claims no affinity with a conscious Being who created and ultimately controls all things.

Christianity, on the other hand, is all about our relationship with the live, personal God. The foremost inherent characteristic of the Church is that it is directed toward the worship of that God. Further, the Church has another characteristic which has no counterpart in humanist Maoism: the Spirit of that same God lives in the Church, strengthening, directing, and teaching it. Our own strength has never depended on human religious characteristics, else the odds are that we would long ago have ceased to exist. But since our own source of strength is the will of Him we are about, we can be confident that whatever is finally important about us will never be finally destroyed.

Proximate characteristics are another question. And where these are concerned, we do well to remember that there is an Assyria in the world, and that the evidence we inherit from its late Chairman is that it believes in itself very much. ☐

OPEN QUESTION

(Continued from page 1433)

thought, honestly. After all, my Orthodox Jewess girlfriend was not a country-club fiction: and, love that young lady as I did 15 years ago, her customs quite perplexed a twenty-year-old college sophomore. I suspect that they perplex many Christians who have been taught to respect the OT. How can devout Jews square their worship with apparently anachronistic Scripture? How can they be comfortable in the large gap between holy text and action? Jaffa doesn't address himself to my forthright question. Instead he gives me billing with Marx and Hitler. That is unpleasant in the extreme. But I think I can understand his passion and forgive it.

So Much for Pork

Some things: a) Yes, Jesus observed "substantially" the same customs. But His mission, as unmistakably presented in the NT, was to reprieve us from dead law: from human legal and ceremonial excrescence grafted upon God-given precepts. For instance, at no time does Jesus advocate animal sacrifice, and animal sacrifice is—plainly—crucial to Judaism from Genesis to Malachi. b) Re the death penalty for gathering sticks on Shabbes: Jesus—an orthodox Jew, as Jaffa points out, but no slavish sabbatarian—would have none of it. "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath" (Mark 2:27). Or, "Thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you on the sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering?" (Luke 13:15). As for my girlfriend's dietary laws, also central to Jewish witness, Jesus considered these to be laws of men, not laws of God. On a par, in Christian ceremony, with genuflection. "There is nothing from without a man, that entering into him can defile him" (Mark 7:15). So much for pork. c) Which leads to the famous Matthew 5 passage on adultery. I have no trouble with this. (Nor, I think, does Jimmy Carter.) The statement is again directed against dead Pharisaic law: i.e., if you observe an outward form of celibacy, think not that you are saved. All men lust (participate in Original Sin) and therefore are in need of salvation through atonement and grace. It isn't enough to seem chaste. Tradition says that St. John was tempted by phantom women on Patmos. No temptation can exist without desire. Yet St. John was not damned for lust: he overcame temptation by prayer and penance. There is no such apparatus for forgiveness of this sort anywhere in the Old Testament.

I agree that "noble things are hard, and the nobler, harder." But impossible things are just plain stupid, and a just God does not require the impossible of His subjects. St. Paul said that God "will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able" (I Cor. 10:13). Mr. Jaffa would prefer to think that I snigger at his faith. That's the last refuge of a polemicist and a lot easier than answering my question. But I don't snigger. I ask. Modern conservatism does indeed attempt to "restore a sense of tradition" "that goes back to 'the beginning.'" My beginning is Jesus. Mr. Jaffa (along with the Pharisees) would seem to think Jesus initiated the permissive society. I think he perfected society. But I'm open to suggestion: let Mr. Jaffa invite me over next time he sacrifices an ox or a lamb.

—D. KEITH MANO

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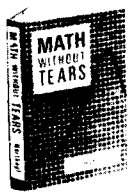

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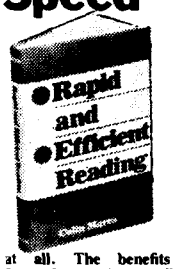

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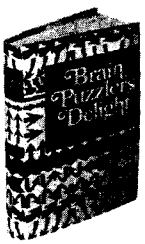

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Memo to JC

On The Right

New York, Nov. 10—Memo to: JC
From: PC
Re: Your broadcast last night

Remember, boss, it was your idea, these memos, and I'm taking your word for it that you want "candor candor candor" (your phrase). So let's get on with it.

1. Your appearance. Not good. A year ago, your calm ("preternatural calm" was the way one columnist described it, tracking you during the primaries) struck people as pretty cool stuff. It worked well, for instance, when you were up against Ford in the debates. Unruffled, tightly controlled, all that sort of thing. But here you were on network TV interrupting not only the scheduled viewing of eighty million Americans but also interrupting a presidential trip and the scheduled hospitality of nine chiefs of state, and that unruffled bit began to look . . . well, somnambulistic I guess. Remember, you were using the old lines, so you needed a little fire to light them up. There wasn't any there, boss. And the smile on your face was just this side of emetic. The impression was of a professor who had been up all night, repeating his lecture at dawn for the benefit of those who hadn't heard it the first time, and struggling to be amiable about it.

2. You haven't developed a successful way of putting it to the American people that it's time to sacrifice. That's why they don't take you seriously. Look, the American people are both fatalistic and optimistic. They have a feeling that before the world runs out of energy, some guy in Berkeley with a Jewish mother and a Polish father and a scholarship from the YMCA is going to figure out how to tap the sun's energy, or the tidal system, or *something*. They also suspect you're not leveling with them completely when you say that energy is the Number One problem. If it's the Number One problem, then why aren't you encouraging more work on nuclear energy? Because breeder reactors throw off plutonium? Then *plutonium* is the Number One problem, get it? Both of them can't be the Number One problem, and a whole talk about the energy crisis without mention of the major proven substitute for oil, gas, and coal strikes people as—well, the kind of thing they expect from politicians.

3. Now this business about fatalism is important too. Did you ever hear the joke when you were a boy? About the lady in the audience who faints when the scientist talks about the end of the world? Anyway, she is revived, and she asks the scientist to repeat what he said, and he does—the planet Earth will collide with a star in a billion years. "A billion years? Oh, thank God!" the woman says, color returning to her cheeks. "I thought you said a million years!" If we're going to run out of energy it doesn't make a whole lot of difference to the American people if it's in thirty years (going along normally), or 35 years (sacrificing).

THIS CRAP (excuse the language, Mr. President) about solving the crisis by cutting down doesn't convince anybody. You told them the Japs, the Frogs, and the Brits had cut down. What did you expect the American people to conclude from this? That foreigners have greater strength of character? That they are better at planning ahead? They'll believe it, maybe, about the Japs, but not about the English or French, whose planning ahead created Hitler, Stalin, the Soviet empire, two world wars, and OPEC. The American people aren't going to cut back on fuel consumption except as a reaction to the cost of fuel. And the cost of fuel is the one reality your talk seems to be evading —in several ways.

4. You told 'em and you told 'em and you told 'em about how much higher the cost of fuel is now, but you let it hang out there like a natural catastrophe—like the drought in California—that nobody can be expected to do anything about. You tell them that $45 billion is going out of the country to buy fuel and that's causing unemployment. But you don't tell them that you or your Administration (our Administration, I guess I'd better say, unless you fire me when you get this) hasn't had a single productive thought on how to *lower* the price of world oil. Put it another way. Suppose OPEC were to double the price of oil. Or quadruple it. What would you do then? Ask Americans to lower the temperature of their homes and offices to 52 degrees?

5. You aren't going to succeed in making the American people believe that U.S. oil companies are at the root of the problem of your energy program. In the first place they don't believe it. In the second place, you're not a very successful demagogue. George Wallace, or FDR, or Huey Long might have made them believe it. But you won't succeed—and that's a compliment, boss. Demonology isn't your forte. So you'd better ease the problem over to Congress, detach yourself from the results, and let the marketplace do its job. You still want candor candor candor? But don't let me discourage you. Maybe my mood is bad. It's so damn cold in this office. □

BLACK MONOLITH *New York*, Nov. 18—Last summer Mr. Vernon Jordan, the black leader of the Urban League, roundly criticized President Carter for failing to "live up to his commitments to the black people." The denunciation was politically and personally piquant. The black community, which voted for Mr. Carter more faithfully than the Swiss Guard would vote for the Pope, was considered to be in Carter's pocket, so that the criticism was patricidal in its overtones. Beyond that, Jordan, along with Andy Young, is a long-time personal friend of Jimmy Carter. The three Atlanta boys struck out for fame and fortune together, and they all made it.

No wonder that the press gave so much attention to the apostasy. But in the course of doing so it unofficially elevated Mr. Jordan to the role of principal spokesman for Black America. That post has been vacant since the death of Martin Luther King. Vernon Jordan has all the qualifications. He is head of the oldest black-oriented social organization in the country. He is widely respected by the congressional Black Caucus and by other black leaders; and he is pre-eminently a successful figure in the Establishment picture—he probably has more honorary degrees than Albert Schweitzer and is a director of more major corporations than David Rockefeller. And his message to Carter last summer was unambiguous: "We blacks put you in office, now you'd

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better pay out and give us what we want."

What is interesting is that the five demands made on Carter are unrelated to matters of race. One can understand a black leader striking out against racial discrimination in any form, even as a Jewish leader would strike out against racial or religious discrimination, or a Catholic would. But Vernon Jordan isn't talking about the need for one more civil rights act. He is talking about things like the need for Humphrey-Hawkins, the need for more food stamps, the need for national health insurance, the need for tax credits, the need for higher minimum wage rates—indeed, the need for more of just about everything save anti-inflationary legislation.

So—one is entitled to ask—what makes Jordan a "black leader" other than that he is black? If he were yellow, would he be hailed as a great yellow leader? Clearly not. The implicit axiom of the whole enterprise is that all blacks in America desire an increase in state welfarism, state paternalism, state interventionism. And that they are either not quite bright enough to recognize that inflation is as much their enemy as it is the enemy of David Rockefeller (more so, in fact), or too dazed by the hallucination that political power can be exchanged for the mint of economic power to recognize that, in the end, there is no such thing as a free lunch.

But the fight against populist economics is old hat, and it is hardly worth remarking that Mr. Vernon Jordan, for all that one can regret his seduction, has joined the populist ranks. It is the notion that he is the true spokesman for the Negro people that gives rise to alarm. Are we invited to believe that the Negro people of America are, as a class, partisans of the omnipotent state, the socialization of enterprise, and inflation?

DOES IT FOLLOW that, in an election year, Mr. Jordan will feel free to pledge the black vote as a unit vote? How does one instinctively react to something of that sort? By looking about for countervailing political forces. What forces? The "white vote"? Is it desirable to advertise the "black" view on Humphrey-Hawkins? And if so, does one run the risk of advertising the "white" view on Humphrey-Hawkins? Or is Mr. Jordan saying that whereas the blacks are united, the whites are divided? Does it follow that those whites who agree with Mr. Jordan are pro-black, those who do not, anti-black?

There is mischief inherent in the situation, plain for all to see. Race politics should be discouraged at every turn—except where the primary interests of the race are clearly involved. In a Jim Crow society there can be only one reasonable black position. But after that, the muses of pluralism should sound their harps, and the Jordans of the black community should be vigorously opposed by other leaders of the black community, dissipating the invidious myth that all "those" people think, and vote, as a monolith. □

HIS NEW PRAYER

New York, Nov. 12—Those outsiders (I am not an Anglican) who have been following the agony of that Christian communion oscillate between feelings of sorrow and anger. It is conceivably a part of the Lord's design to torture His institutional representatives on earth, and of course it is generally conceded that the special object of His displeasure in the past decade has been His old favorite, the Roman Catholic Church, which He has treated with stepfatherly neglect. But as if some providential version of equal treatment under the Law were guiding Him, it has been recently the season of torment for the Anglican Church, which indeed is now riven in factions so resolutely opposed to one another that schism itself has set in.

This last was precipitated by the question whether to ordain women priests. There is an Episcopal bishop in New York who is given to extreme formulations in any field whatsoever. About a year ago he was anathematizing businessmen who were driven from New York having looked at their ledgers and decided that, on the whole, they and their flock would be better off in an area in which the tax overhead was less, and also the incidence of murder, rape, and mugging. Bishop Moore would have lectured Moses himself on his lack of civic pride in departing Egypt in search of greener pastures. Well, the Bishop not only came out for ordaining women, for which there is at least a coherent argument, he proceeded to ordain a self-professed lesbian, which struck his flock as less a gesture of compassion, than of defiance. Anyway, when last heard from, entire individual churches were busy renouncing their ties to the central church.

This morning, the Church of England has issued its rewording of the Lord's Prayer. Now, the head of the Church of England, at least titularly, is the Queen of England. She continues to be addressed with all the euphuistic pomposity of Plantagenet prose, but now they are modernizing the form of address appropriate to God. One continues to refer to the Queen as Your Majesty, and as "Ma'am," but for God, "Thee" and "Thou" are—out. The Lord's head has been placed on the Jacobinical block. He is not quite yet addressed as Comrade, or even Big Brother: but He is definitely made to feel at home in the modern world.

It now goes not, "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name"—but "Our Father in Heaven, hallowed be Your Name." Granted, they have left the capital letter in "Your," which must have been done after grave debate in the relevant councils. But clearly it was felt that "Thy" was simply—too much. Who does He think He is? The Queen of England?

It goes on, "Your will be done on earth as in Heaven."

One wonders what has been gained by that formulation over the traditional formulation, which read, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." There is transparent here something on the order of a Parkinsonian imperative: A venerable passage will be reworded by a rewording commission insofar as a commission to reword possesses the authority to do so.

IS IT SUGGESTED that more people will understand the phrase in the new formulation? In the first place, we are hip-deep in the aleatory mode when we say, "Thy will be done"—since we all know that it is very seldom done; and, indeed, some would go so far as to say that it is most unlikely that it is being done by the Royal Commission on the Vulgarization of the Book of Common Prayer when they take such a sentence as "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven" back from the alchemists who worked for the Lord and for King James, and beat it into the leaden substitute which they have now promulgated.

One wishes that were all, but there is no sin of omission for which we might be grateful. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil" has been changed to, "Do not bring us to the time of trial, but deliver us from evil." Why? For the sake of clarity? (That is the usual answer.) I know, because every sense in my body informs me, and every misinclination of my mind, what is temptation, from which we seek deliverance. But *"the time of trial"*? That sounds like the Supreme Court is in session. I grant that is a time of trial. But what are we doing bringing in old metaphors in the name of clarification?

Perhaps it was ordained that the Anglicans, like their brothers the Catholics, should suffer. It is a time for weeping, and a time for rage. Do not go gently into the night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light. That would be the advice of this outsider to my brothers in the Anglican Church. They must rage against those who bring upon Christianity not only indifference, but contempt. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Weight — 2 66 47 74

B. A school of note in England — 13 114 122 67

C. What a candidate for office is doing in the U. S. — 27 136 142 149 17 81 163

D. You won't find this in a forest — 44 177 180 19 68 3 30 51

E. A type of metrical foot — 65 116 4 31 119 138 145

F. Birthplace of George Kell, 3B — 94 184 21 48 28 54 33

G. What the tornado did — 100 78 106 159 118 152 57

H. A person who is one-eighth negro (variant sp.) — 109 59 160 185 123 132 140 165

I. A river in West Germany — 18 5 29 38

J. What Ulysses was — 182 131 187 173 50 146 15

K. Representations — 120 110 34 188 6 49 161 108

L. Superficial — 186 174 23 89 130 35 80 153

M. JET CART — 170 162 148 179 166 113 124

N. Began, as a card game — 46 42 56 189 164 36

O. Part of the face — 20 53 63 76

P. A North American capital — 32 172 176 26 55 75

Q. A type of cattle found in Texas — 169 60 96 190 7 154 144 121

R. A city in Pakistan — 107 58 151 8 127 37

S. A girl's name (the name of many girls) — 129 77 133 191 125

T. To deceive with flattery — 137 39 139 192 24 175

U. Given to stealing — 150 141 73 178 22 112 155 143

V. What a candidate for office is doing in England — 52 40 168 61 90 128 193 147

W. A mountain range in Wyoming — 82 41 156 43 134

X. The kind of Communist Earl Browder was — 86 111 71 25 84 135

Y. One of the Alps — 157 93 1 11 14 70 79 171 87 183

Z. A type of effervescent drink — 69 12 115 62 104 83 158 126 88

a. A type of shirt — 103 45 9 72 99 102 92

b. The chief London Metropolitan police court — 181 98 85 64 10 167 91 97 16

c. One of Canada's national parks — 117 95 101 105

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1450 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

			1 Y	2 A	3 D	4 E	5 I	6 K	7 Q	8 R	9 a	10 b		11 Y	12 Z	13 B		14 Y	15 J
16 b	17 C	18 I	19 D		20 O	21 F	22 U	23 L	24 T		25 X	26 P	27 C		28 F	29 I	30 D		31 E
32 P	33 F	34 K	35 L	36 N	37 R	38 I	39 T	40 V	41 W		42 N	43 W	44 D	45 a		46 N	47 A	48 F	49 K
50 J	51 D		52 V	53 O	54 F	55 P	56 N	57 G		58 R		59 H	60 Q	61 V	62 Z	63 O	64 b	65 E	66 A
67 B	68 D		69 Z	70 Y	71 X	72 a	73 U	74 A		75 P	76 O	77 S		78 G	79 Y	80 L	81 C		82 W
83 Z	84 X		85 b	86 X	87 Y		88 Z	89 L	90 V	91 b	92 a		93 Y	94 F		95 c	96 Q	97 b	
98 b	99 a		100G	101c	102a		103a	104Z	105c	106G	107R	108K		109H	110K		111X	112U	113M
114B	115Z	116E	117c		118G	119E	120K		121Q	122B	123H	124M	125S		126Z	127R	128V	129S	130L
	131J	132H		133S	134W	135X	136C	137T	138E		139T	140H	141U	142C		143U		144Q	145E
146J	147V	148M	149C		150U	151R	152G		153L	154Q	155U	156W	157Y	158Z	159G	160H	161K	162M	
163C	164N	165H	166M	167b	168V	169Q		170M	171Y		172P	173J	174L	175T		176P	177D	178U	
179M	180D	181b		182J	183Y		184F	185H	186L	187J	188K	189N	190Q	191S	192T	193V			

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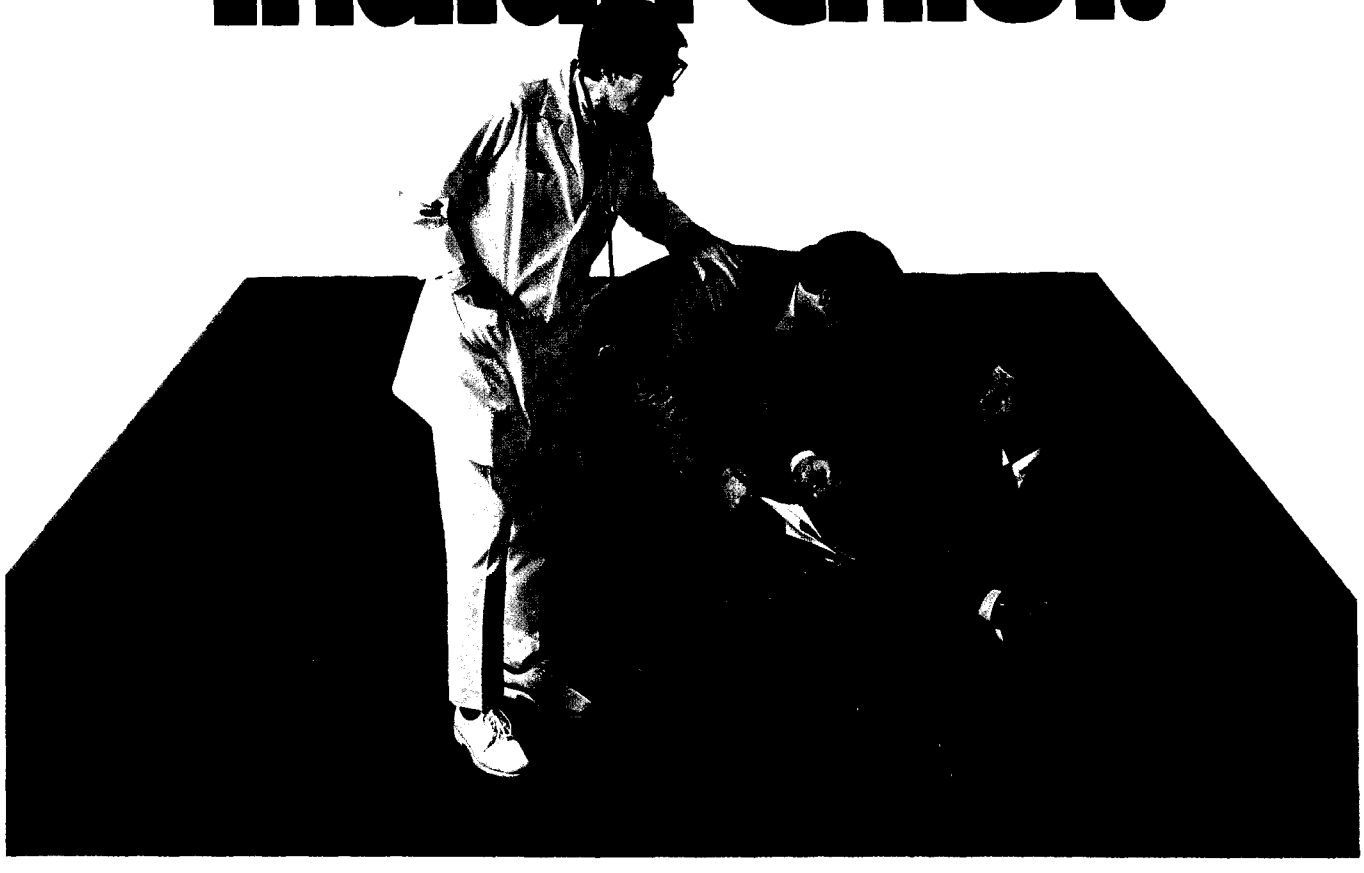
Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief.



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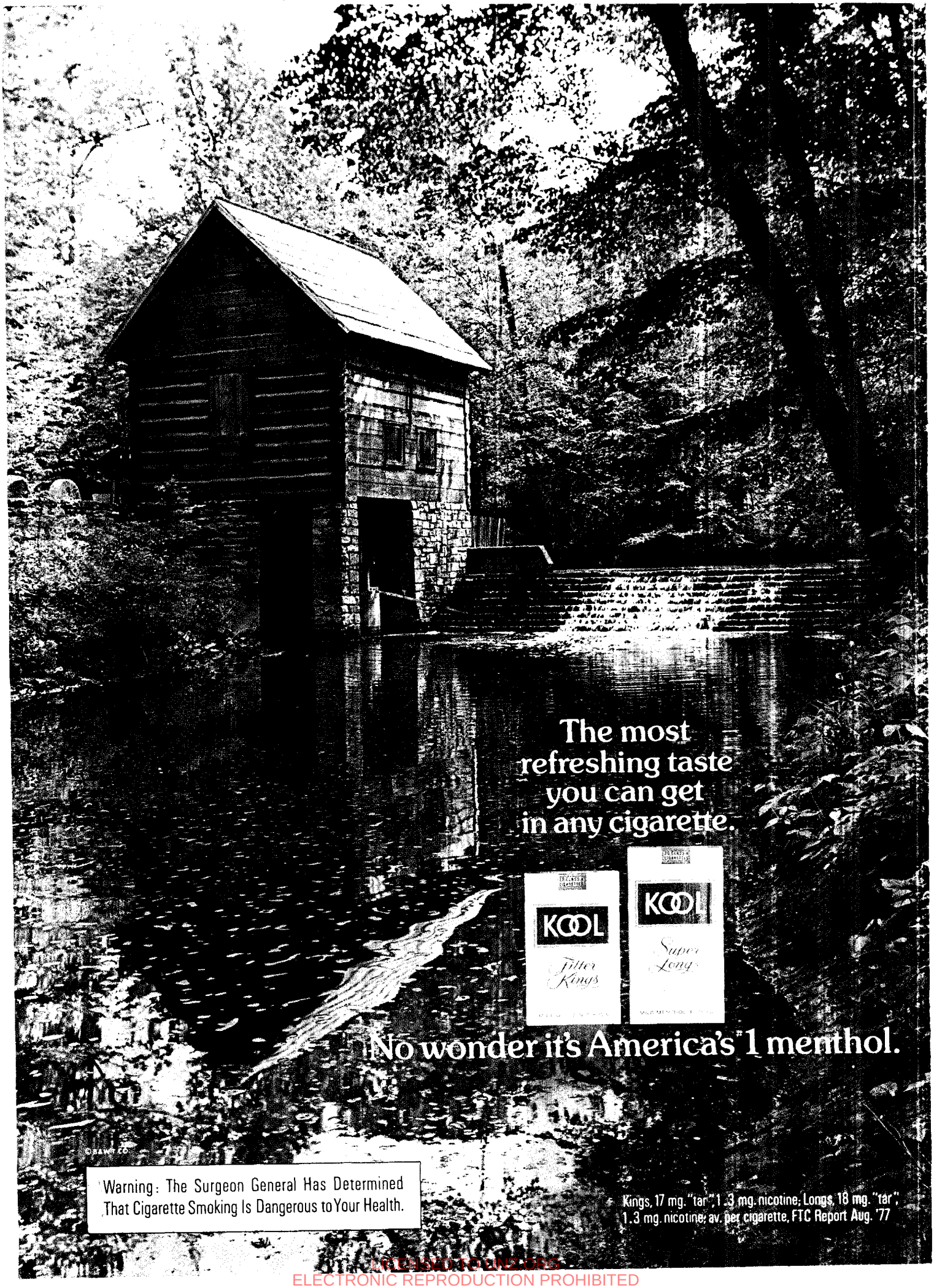
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

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